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ONLY ONE.

BY F. G.

I cannot love another, I cannot throw aside,
The dark weeds of a widow for the gay robes of a bride.
I never more may listen to Love's beguiling voice,
The sad heart of a mourner can make no second choice.
Oh! offer nought but friendship, and I will be your friend,
Speak only of the lost one, and mark how I'll attend.
His portrait hangs above us, dare not to breathe Love's name,
Those dark eyes, did I listen, would frown upon my shame,
And see, my child clings to me, and looks up to my face,
He has no other parent to fondle and embrace,
Unconsciously his finger my wedding-ring has pressed,
As if it were to chide me for smiling on my guest.
I cannot love another, I never can forget
The promises unbroken, the faith so sacred yet;
So leave me in my sorrow to journey on alone,
With no one but my baby to fill the lost one's throne.

AT SEA
With An Infernal Machine.

By J. F. HARDSLEY.

CHAPTER III.

"MAY I ask, captain," I said, bending forward, and speaking very distinctly, "what you think of Fenian manifestoes?"

The captain's ruddy face became a shade darker from honest indignation.

"They are poor cowardly things," he said, "as silly as they are wicked."

"The impotent threats of a set of anonymous scoundrels," said a pompous-looking old gentleman beside him.

"O captain!" said the fat lady at my side, "you don't really think they would blow up a ship?"

"I have no doubt they would if they could. But I am very sure they will never blow up mine."

"May I ask what precautions are taken against them?" said an elderly man at the end of the table.

"All goods sent abroad the ship are strictly examined," said Captain Dowle.

"But suppose a man brought explosives abroad with him" said I.

"They are too cowardly to risk their own lives in that way."

During this conversation Flannigan had not betrayed the slightest interest in what was going on. He raised his head now and looked at the captain.

"Don't you think you are rather underrating them?" he said. "Every secret society has produced desperate men—why shouldn't the Fenians have them too? Many men think it a privilege to die in the service of a cause which seems right in their eyes, though others may think it wrong."

"Indiscriminate murder cannot be right in anybody's eyes," said the little clergyman.

"The bombardment of Paris was nothing else," said Flannigan; "yet the whole civilized world agreed to look on with folded arms, and change the ugly word 'murder' into the more euphonious one of 'war.' It seemed right enough to German eyes; why shouldn't dynamite seem so to the Fenians?"

"At any rate their empty vaporings have led to nothing as yet," said the captain.

"Excuse me," returned Flannigan, "but is there not some room for doubt yet as to the fate of the Dotterel? I have met men in America who asserted from their own personal knowledge that there was a coal torpedo aboad that vessel."

"Then they lied," said the captain. "It was proved conclusively at the court-martial to have arisen from an explosion of coal-gas—but we had better change the subject, or we may cause the ladies to have a restless night;" and the conversation once more drifted back into its original channel.

During this little discussion Flannigan had argued his point with a gentlemanly deference and a quiet power for which I had not given him credit. I could not help admiring a man who, on the eve of a desperate enterprise, could courteously argue upon a point which must touch him so nearly. He had, as I have already mentioned, partaken of a considerable quantity of wine; but though there was a slight flush upon his pale cheek, his manner was as reserved as ever. He did not join in the conversation again but seemed to be lost in thought.

A whirl of conflicting ideas was battling in my own mind. What was I to do? Should I stand up now and denounce them before both passengers and captain? Should I demand a few minutes' conversation with the latter in his own cabin, and reveal it all? For an instant I was half resolved to do it, but then the old constitutional timidity came back with redoubled force. After all there might be some mistake. Dick had heard the evidence and had refused to believe in it.

I determined to let things go on their course. A strange reckless feeling came over me. Why should I help men who were blind to their own danger? Surely it was the duty of the officers to protect us, not ours to give warning to them. I drank off a couple of glasses of wine, and staggered upon deck with the determination of keeping my secret locked in my own bosom.

It was a glorious evening. Even in my excited state of mind I could not help leaning against the bulwarks and enjoying the refreshing breeze. Away to the westward a solitary sail stood out as a dark speck against the great sheet of flame left by the setting sun. I shuddered as I looked at it. It seemed like a sea of blood. A single star was twinkling faintly above our main-mast, but a thousand seemed to gleam in the water below with every stroke of our propeller. The only blot in the fair scene was the great trail of smoke which stretched away behind us like a black slash upon a crimson curtain.

It seemed hard to believe that the great peace which hung over all Nature could be marred by a poor miserable mortal.

"After all," I thought, as I gazed into the blue depths beneath me, "if the worst comes to the worst, it is better to die here than to linger in agony upon a sick-bed on land." A man's life seems a very paltry thing amid the great forces of Nature. All my philosophy could not prevent my shuddering, however, when I turned my head and saw the shadowy figures at the other side of the deck, which I had no difficulty in recognising. They seemed to be conversing earnestly, but I had no opportunity of overhearing what was said; so I contented myself with pacing up and down, and keeping a vigilant watch upon their movements.

It was a relief to me when Dick came on deck. Even an incredulous confident is better than none at all.

"Well, old man," he said, giving me a facetious dig in the ribs, "we've not been blown up yet."

"No, not yet," said I; "but that's no proof that we are not going to be."

"Nonsence, man!" said Dick; "I can't conceive what has put this extraordinary idea into your head. I have been talking to one of your supposed assassins, and he seems a pleasant fellow enough; quite a sporting character, I should think, from the way he speaks."

"Dick," I said, "I am as certain that those men have an infernal machine, and that we are on the verge of eternity, as if I saw them putting the match to the fuse."

"Well if you really think so," said Dick, half awed for the moment by the earnestness of my manner, "it is your duty to let the captain know of your suspicions."

"You are right," I said; "I will. My absurd timidity has prevented my doing so sooner. I believe our lives can only be saved by laying the whole matter before him."

"Well, go and do it now," said Dick; "but for goodness' sake don't mix me up in the matter."

"I'll speak to him when he comes off the bridge," I answered; "and in the mean time I don't mean to lose sight of them."

"Let me know of the result," said my companion; and with a nod he strolled away in search, I fancy, of his partner at the dinner-table.

Left to myself, I bethought me of my retreat of the morning, and climbing on the bulwark I mounted into the quarter-boat, and lay down there. In it I could reconsider my course of action, and by raising my head I was able at any time to get a view of my disagreeable neighbors.

An hour passed, and the captain was still on the brige.

He was talking to one of the passengers, a retired naval officer, and the two were deep in debate concerning some abstruse point in navigation. I could see the red tips of their cigars from where I lay. It was dark now, so dark that I could hardly make out the figures of Flannigan and his accomplice. They were still standing in the position which they had taken up after dinner. A few of the passengers were scattered about the deck, but many had gone below. A strange stillness seemed to pervade the air. The voices of the watch and the rattle of the wheel were the only sounds which broke the silence.

Another half-hour passed. The captain was still upon the bridge. It seemed as if he would never come down. My nerves were in a state of unnatural tension, so much so that the sound of two steps upon the deck made me start up in a quiver of excitement. I peered over the side of the boat, and saw that our suspicious passengers had crossed from the other side, and were standing almost directly beneath me. The light of a binnacle fell full upon the ghastly face of the ruffian Flannigan. Even in that short glance I saw that Muller had the ulster, whose use I knew so well, slung loosely over his arm. I sank back with a groan. It seemed that my fatal procrastination had sacrificed two hundred innocent lives.

I had read of the fiendish vengeance which awaited a spy.

I knew that men with their lives in their hands would stick at nothing.

All I could do was to cower at the bottom of the boat and listen silently to their whispered talk below.

"This place will do," said a voice.

"Yes, the leeward side is best."

"I wonder if the trigger will act?"

"I am sure it will."

"We were to let it off at ten, were we not?"

"Yes, at ten sharp. We have eight minutes yet." There was a pause. Then the voice began again.

"They'll hear the drop of the trigger, won't they?"

"It doesn't matter. It will be too late for any one to prevent it's going off."

"That's true. There will be some excitement among those we have left behind, won't there?"

"Rather! How long do you reckon it will be before they hear of us?"

"The first news will get in in about twenty-four hours."

"That will be mine."

"No, mine."

"Ha, ha! we'll settle that."

There was a pause here. Then I heard Muller's voice in a ghastly whisper, "There's only five minutes more."

How slowly the moments seemed to pass! I could count them by the throbbing of my heart.

"It'll make a sensation on land," said a voice.

"Yes, it will make a noise in the newspapers."

I raised my head and peered over the side of the boat.

There seemed no hope, no help. Death stared me in the face, whether I did or did not give the alarm.

The captain had at last left the bridge. The deck was deserted, save for those two dark figures crouching in the shadow of the boat.

Flannigan had a watch laying open in his hand.

"Three minutes more," he said. "Put it down upon the deck."

"No, put it here on the bulwarks."

It was the little square box. I knew by the sound that they had placed it near the davit, and almost exactly under my head.

I looked over again. Flannigan was pouring something out of a paper into his hand.

It was white and granular—the same that I had seen him use in the morning. It was meant as a fuse, no doubt, for he shovelled it into the little box, and I heard the strange noise which had previously arrested my attention.

"A minute and a half more," he said. "Shall you or I pull the string?"

He was kneeling down and holding the end in his hand. Flannigan stood behind with his arms folded, and an air of grim resolution upon his face.

I could stand it no longer. My nervous system seemed to give way in a moment.

"Stop!" I screamed, springing to my feet. "Stop, misguided and unprincipled men!"

They both staggered backwards. I fancy they thought I was a spirit, with the moonlight streaming down upon my pale face.

I was brave enough now. I had gone too far to retreat.

"Cain was damned," I cried, "and he slew but one; would you have the blood of two hundred upon your souls?"

"He's mad!" said Flannigan. "Time's up. Let it off Muller."

I sprang down upon the deck.

"You shan't do it!" I said.

"By what right do you prevent us?"

"By every right, human and divine."

"It's no business of yours. Clear out of this!"

"Never?" said I.

"Confound the fellow! There's too much at stake to stand on ceremony. I'll hold him, Muller, while you pull the trigger."

Next moment I was struggling in the herculean grasp of the Irishman. Resistance was useless; I was a child in his hands.

He pinned me up against the side of the vessel, and held me there.

"Now" he said, "look sharp. He can't prevent us."

I felt that I was standing on the verge of eternity. Half-strangled in the arms of the taller ruffian, I saw the other approach the fatal box.

He stooped over it and seized the string. I breathed one prayer when I saw his grasp tighten upon it. Then came a sharp snap, a strange rasping noise. The trigger had fallen the side of the box flew out, and let off—*two gray carrier-pigeons!*

Little more need be said. It is not a subject on which I care to dwell. The whole thing is too utterly disgusting and absurd. Perhaps the best thing I can do is to retire gracefully from the scene, and let the sporting correspondent of the *New York Herald* fill my unworthy place.

Here is an extract clipped from its columns shortly after our departure from America:

"Pigeon-flying Extraordinary.—A novel match has been brought off, last week, between the birds of John H. Flannigan, of Boston, and Jeremiah Muller, a well-known citizen of Ashport. Both men have devoted much time and attention to an improved breed of bird, and the challenge is an old-standing one. The pigeons were backed to a large amount, and there was considerable local interest in the result.

The start was from the deck of the Transatlantic steamship Spartan, at ten o'clock on the evening of the day of starting, the vessel being then reckoned to be about a hundred miles from land. The bird which reached home first was to be declared the winner.

Considerable caution had, we believe, to be observed, as British captains have a prejudice against the bringing off of sporting events aboard their vessels.

In spite of some little difficulty at the last moment, the trap was sprung almost exactly at ten o'clock. Muller's bird arrived in Ashport in an extreme state of exhaustion on the following afternoon, while Flannigan's has not been heard of.

The backers of the latter have the satisfaction of knowing, however, that the whole affair has been characterized by extreme fairness. The pigeons were confined in a specially invented trap, which could only be opened by a spring.

It was thus possible to feed them through an aperture in the top, but any tampering with their wings was quite out of the question. A few such matches would go far towards popularising pigeon-flying in America an agreeable variety to the morbid exhibitions of human endurance which have assumed such proportions during the last few years."

[THE END]

A SHADOWED LOVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DOCTOR WESTWOOD'S SECRET," "MARJORIE'S TRIALS," "HEARTS AND CORONETS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.—[CONTINUED.]

HE would not flinch at the worst; Alwyn could tell him—for Alwyn must know of course.

Nevertheless he drained his glass of champagne for the second and third time before he looked his friend steadily in the face with the question—

"What news in town? Anybody dead, buried, or—married?"

"Oh, lots of "casualties"!" returned Alwyn lightly. "Compton is recalled—was going too fast—over head and ears. De Luneville is dead, and young Marquand comes in for a couple of millions—he married the daughter, you know.

"Some men have such luck! But the last sensation is the announcement of Miss Verney's approaching marriage to the old Duke de Grandvilliers—another sacrifice at the alter of Mammon!

"One would hardly have believed it of her, though.

"There was a sort of atmosphere about her like violets in the spring, you know, which seemed too natural and innocent for this Vanity Fair of ours!"

"Yes," assented Tempest Mervyn steadily holding his glass of Burgundy up to the light, seemingly more interested in the rich red vintage than in the attaché's talk.

"Well, she has gone the way of all the rest; and no wonder, perhaps, with that old soldier Madame de Rougemount in the background.

"Hamilton saw them at Como in May. Miss Verney looked awfully ill and altered. Something happened—I don't know what—and they went off from here very suddenly, not long before Hamilton came across them, just as the talk about the Duke's pretensions was first set afloat. Perhaps the girl cared for somebody else and was taken about to forget it.

"Madame bullied her, I shouldn't wonder, until she gave in."

"And she has given in?" asked Tempest, helping himself to pate de foie gras.

"Yes; as is formally announced—the thing is settled. I met Monsieur de Grandvilliers yesterday on the Boulevards looking quite young and jaunty, with a certain air of triumph about him too, as if he had won against long odds.

"He drives his car of victory over a good many broken hearts.

"I was quite spoony myself at one time; and you"—looking up suddenly—"by the way, you were hit too, I fancy! It was a general massacre."

Mervyn shrugged his shoulders and reached across the table for an olive. In his pale stern aspect the young attache read nothing more than the shadow which had been over him from the first moment of their meeting, the shadow which he could so easily account for, and which he had set himself good-naturedly to dissipate.

"Madame de Rougemont is an awfully clever woman," Alwyn went on, mercilessly pursuing the subject and under the impression that his gossip was amusing his friend.

"All Paris applauds the way in which she has managed her affair and landed her big fish."

"Let us go somewhere!" cried Mervyn abruptly, pushing back his chair. "What is there going on?"

"There is always the Hippodrome," said Alwyn, rising in his turn.

"Well, the Hippodrome then! Anything, anywhere out of this!" responded Mervyn impatiently. "Bah! The place is like an oven!"

He was flushed and heated; but then he had drunk more than his wont, as Alwyn had observed, during the dinner.

The night was oppressively hot; not a breath of air stirred the leaves of the trees on the Boulevard.

The two young men lighted each a cigar and strolled on.

"Stop," said Alwyn presently. "Speak of the sun, and one sees his rays. Here is the bridegroom-elect himself."

They were passing a large private hotel; a carriage stood before the entrance, its lamps burning, a couple of splendid lackeys guarding its open door.

Monsieur de Grandvilliers, in evening dress blazing with decorations, was coming forth. Mervyn drew back into the shadow of a pillar; but for that movement he would have crossed the man's very path.

The Duke came, stepping quickly, his small sleek head erect, his dark brows bent and his deep-set eyes glittering.

He was at his best, stately, well-dressed, surrounded by all the prestige of rank and wealth; and at his best he was an old man, battered and world-worn for all his gilding, and with a certain stamp on him from which youth and innocence shrink with a true instinct. The two young men looked at him from the shelter of their post of observation, the one with a fierce bitter light in his eyes, the other with a laugh on his lips.

"May and December," said he, as the carriage rolled away. "The Duchess de Grandvilliers will have her compensations, no doubt; but, by George, looking at that old fellow and knowing what one knows, she will need them!

"I declare it's a shame! If it had been Madame de Rougemont herself; but Miss Verney——"

"Yes, Miss Verney," his companion forced himself to say. "It seems a—a—mistake."

"It's an iniquity!" cried Alwyn emphatically, growing warm over the subject.

"My dear fellow," spoke Mervyn—and his voice sounded harsh and strained even to the other's unobservant ears—"why do you excite yourself? This sort of thing is done every day.

"When the new Duchess holds her court, you will bow down like the rest of the world and forget the 'iniquity,' you know."

"Yes," answered the attache, with a shrug and a little laugh, "I suppose so. I must go with the stream; I am too insignificant to set up for a reformer of society. Where are you going?"—as Mervyn wheeled round and strode rapidly along in the opposite direction.

"Back to my hotel," answered Mervyn. "I can't stand the Hippodrome to-night. I mean, I had forgotten something—an appointment in London for to-morrow. I think I can catch the train"—taking out his watch. "It is barely past seven o'clock."

"And cross to-night?" exclaimed Alwyn.

"Yes. I am awfully sorry to break up our pleasant evening," said Mervyn, with an irrepressible touch of irony in his tone; "but it cannot be helped."

"At least I shall come and see you off," returned Alwyn rather ruefully seeing his companion slipping already through his fingers. "It's an awful bore that you must go so soon!"

"Yes, an awful bore!" Mervyn repeated after him absently.

"You'll be coming back again though, no doubt?" suggested Alwyn.

"No doubt," responded Mervyn in the same tone.

They hailed a *remise*, dashed up to the door of Meurice's, gave Mervyn's man his orders to pay the bill, pack up, and follow with all expedition, and then tore along to the Great Northern Railway Station. They were just in time; the guard was shutting the doors, and grumbled a little at having to return along the platform.

"Good-bye, old fellow! *Au revoir!*" called Alwyn as the train moved off. "Look me up when you come again."

Mervyn nodded and waved his hand as the little friendly effusive attache ran along for a moment by the side of the carriage; then he looked back on the twinkling lights of the gay city and shook its dust off his feet, such a bitter execration burning from his lips that a young American lady on the opposite seat looked up amazed at the terrible expression of desperation on the fair handsome face which had recommended itself so favorably to her at the first view.

"He has lost his fortune at the gambling-tables, or some woman has jilted him horribly," thought she, hitting the mark with Transatlantic quickness. "I guess I shouldn't like to be the woman who has ruined such a likely life as that one!"

The train rushed on through the summer night; the stars came out one by one; the dreary stretch of landscape between Paris and the coast sped by, so softened and mellowed in the dreamy light that it actually seemed interesting. Fellow-passengers remarked to each other upon the loveliness of the night—the delightful calmness of the crossing; but, as far as Mervyn was concerned, the wildest wind which ever blew the mail steamer across the narrow but treacherous strait might have been blowing—the journey, the crossing, were alike part of a hideous nightmare, in which everything, himself included, seemed changed and unreal.

What vague indefinable hope had lingered in his breast in spite of everything up to that day—had quickened into stronger life amongst the scenes which had revived the past, only to die a harder death face to face with overwhelming proof—he never knew. Certain it is that he had never suffered the full, final bitterness of his loss until that night. When he set foot once more upon English ground he had left the past behind him for ever, he told himself; and the chapter in his life which held alike its greatest joy and its sharpest pain was ended. And the self-torture, the racking doubt, all the full tide of humiliation and despair which had been held back by strong friendly hands during the last few weeks, had surged back again in a flood, overwhelming his soul. What was he but an outcast, rejected of his lover, pointed at by the finger of scorn and hatred, loathed of Heaven, guilty for all he knew of a horrible crime? What was he to do with the life so cruelly blighted?

He hurried through London, scarcely staying for necessary refreshment, not so much from a feverish necessity for movement as, unconsciously to himself, from a blind turning towards the one ray of light in all the dark waste before him. He did not tell himself that he was going to Christal; the attraction to her drew him blindly on.

He noted nothing of what was passing around him. The news which was thrilling like an electric shock through the land failed to make itself heard in the storm and tempest of his mind.

It was only when he stood in Lady Armstrong's drawing-room in the midst of an excited group, Lady Armstrong in tears, Geordie pacing up and down flushed and eager, Christal standing erect with flashing eyes, that he began to understand.

"Oh, Mr. Mervyn, speak to Geordie—tell him he must not go! He is an only son—and it is not in the way of his duty. It is not as if he were called upon," cried Lady Armstrong. "If his regiment were ordered out, it would be a different thing."

"What is it, Lady Armstrong? What has happened?" asked Tempest Mervyn imperturbably.

"What, you don't know?" exclaimed Geordie. "Where have you been not to have heard the news? The—th have been almost annihilated—set upon by the Rajah's men decoyed into an ambush, and massacred. The whole country is up, the hill tribes have declared themselves against us; the Sepoys threaten to mutiny; General Hunt's force is hemmed in on every side, the Viceroy has telegraphed for troops. See here; read for yourself"—thrusting the morning's papers into Mervyn's hands—"six regiments ordered out, volunteers asked for; and my mother wants to keep me back. My first chance of service too!"

Mervyn read with kindling cheek. It was a ghastly story of Indian treachery and revenge and of British blundering and security—one which might well make the heart of an English soldier burn to avenge the honor of his country's arms and punish the stealthy foe.

Christal watched him as he read, her lips growing white, her hand pressed tightly over her throbbing heart.

It was to her he turned as he dashed down the paper; their eyes met for an instant in a quick look of mutual understanding; then in a moment he was by her side.

"I am going," said Mervyn with emotion, heedless of onlookers—"if—if you send me."

"Yes," she answered in quivering tones, and holding out her hand to him as he spoke—"go! It is your chance."

He pressed her hand to his lips.

"Come, Armstrong!" he said.

But Lady Armstrong broke into lamentations.

"No, Geordie, not you!" she sobbed. "Think of us—think of me! your father will never consent. My son, you must not—shall not go. Mr. Mervyn—Christal—tell him to stay with us.

"Your mother is right," said Mervyn slowly; "your first duty is to her, Armstrong."

Poor Geordie brought his hand down on the table with a bitter groan and something very like an imprecation as his friend disappeared alone through the doorway.

"It is my chance," Mervyn repeated, running quickly down-stairs to catch the first train back to London—"yes, my chance; she is right.

"A friendly bullet may end it all; or—or"—the spark of hope leapt up into a swift flame—"or I may win a name I can dare to offer to—to—her."

CHAPTER XVI.

THERE are times in our lives when we live whole years in a few minutes, mental crises when we spend recklessly, like prodigals, the nerve and strength which should be husbanded thriftily for the whole long journey.

One of these crises had come to the mysterious lady who found herself so unexpectedly the companion of Monsieur de Grandvilliers on his night-journey in the diligence from the Engadine.

An agony which wasted heart and brain burnt like a fierce consuming fever in her veins during the long upward climb towards the glorious tableau Monsieur le Duc had announced; and each cruel moment left her weaker and more exhausted, until it seemed as if she could bear the terrible strain no longer.

Then the panting horses stood still; the moon stole out from behind the clouds; another light, redder, warmer, flashed across the road.

Monsieur de Grandvilliers thrust his head out at one window, whilst at the same moment Mr. George Brown's voice at the other sounded like music in the ears of his half-fainting mistress.

"This is our resting-place, honorable lady," he was saying in German and with perfect composure. "Will it please you to descend at once?"

And, stumbling, half falling, an indistinguishable heap of gray raiment only, the lady-passenger was conveyed by her courier into the little posting-house, where the half-awake landlady was astonished by the demand for a room and bed.

"The lady is ill. The journey is too long—she will rest here," Mr. Brown explained shortly.

Monsieur de Grandvilliers, changing his point of view, looked curiously out through the open door of the diligence up at the little inn.

"What a droll halting-place!" he said to his companion. "And we are within an hour of the railway already. This lady must be an eccentric."

"Or a German," retorted his friend.

"Precisely," acquiesced the Duke, settling himself with a good deal of satisfaction in the corner the "eccentric" had vacated.

Monsieur Armand was at the inn door as the lady passed through it.

By a dexterous movement of his powerful arm, the Englishman spun him out of his path, but not before the valet's quick ears had detected that the few low-spoken German words which the lady uttered in response to the courier were questionable as to accent, or before his keen eyes had made out as much as was possible, considering their opportunities, of the *personnel* of Mr. Brown's charge.

"*Tiens*," said Monsieur Armand as he reluctantly obeyed the coachman's signal and clambered back into the banquette, deprived now of Monsieur Brown's presence—"*tiens!* What does that mean now?"

He thought it out for fully ten minutes, then shook himself, and dismissed the subject with a shrug.

The lady in gray listened in a sort of dumb terror to the sounds which indicated that the diligence had gone on its way; then she threw aside her hat and veil and sank back on her chair, the fever-flush on her cheek changing to a deathly whiteness.

"Madame is ill!" exclaimed the good-natured landlady, who entered at that moment with the refreshment Mr. George Brown with thoughtful care had ordered.

The woman held a glass of wine to the pale lips of the lady, and wondered a little in her own mind at her guest.

"So young and so beautiful, and alone," she said—"without even a maid to attend her! It is strange. She has the air too of being frightened. Poor little thing! It is some history that we have here."

Notwithstanding that the courier had insisted so urgently on the necessity of rest for his lady, explaining thus their halt at that spot, she did not avail herself of the opportunity for repose.

All night she was at the window watching for the daylight; and at the first sound of movement in the house she summoned the courier.

"Is there no other way than that through Paris to England?" she asked him. "We can avoid it if you wish, madam," he returned respectfully; "or we can go through Paris in the night."

"We will avoid it altogether," she decided at once. "Will it make the journey much longer?"

"A little; but it can be done. We can get into Germany from this, and cross from Ostend."

"Then we will do that. How soon can we start? Is the railway quite safe? I mean"—hesitating and coloring deeply—"has a train—have the other passengers gone on?"

"They will have left last night. We shall go by Bale," the courier returned. "We shall not be likely to meet any of those we traveled with yesterday," he added with grave emphasis.

"Then will you please order a carriage at once."

"You will breakfast first, madam?"

"No—yes."

"Excuse me, madam, but Mademoiselle Florine charged me to remind you—if I may take the liberty—of your health in this rapid traveling. We shall scarcely stop for refreshment all day."

"I do not want to stop. Pray press on as quickly as possible!" urged the lady with trembling earnestness.

"But your strength, madam?"

"I will eat now," she said, "if you will order breakfast at once. I am so anxious to be on our way."

Mr. Brown was bent on acquitting himself well of the commission he had received from Mademoiselle Florine.

Perhaps, too, stolid Englishman as he was, he rather enjoyed the mystery and romance of the adventure.

He piloted his charge safely through all the changes and fatigues of the long journey, and did not leave her until he had placed her in the hands of the English friends to whom she fled for refuge.

* * * * * * *

The Rectory at Howarden was deserted just then, the family having made their annual migration to the seaside, where they were thrown into a state of wild commotion by an arrival which took place quite unexpectedly one afternoon.

"Estelle," cried Clara Wilmer, clasping her friend's child in her arms, "my darling! Is it really you? Where did you come from? Have you dropped from the clouds? Oh, how glad I am to see you!"

"And I too," echoed the Vicar.

"But, my child," exclaimed the Vicaress, holding her a little way off and looking into her face when the first flush of excitement had faded, "what is the matter? You have been ill or unhappy, or—children, kiss Estelle and run away to your nursery. You shall see her again; she is not going to vanish into thin air—although, upon my word, I am not so sure of that," she corrected as she took off the gray hat and smoothed back the disordered curls and looked fondly into the girl's white face. "Dear child, you

are very fragile and shadowy. You may be 'Kilmeny come back again,' for all I know. Now tell me all about it"—sitting down beside her on the couch whilst the Vicar discreetly withdrew. "Tell me all about it."

This Estelle did, in a confused, broken way, Mrs. Wilmer's intuition filling up the frequent breaks in the narrative.

"I see," she said. "Your aunt wanted you to marry the Duke, and you wanted to marry your 'ain love,' and so you ran away. I think you were quite right, dear, in the main; but I don't understand. Where is he? Who is he? Could you not have stood by each other and saved the climax? Even a Duke could not have married you against your will, you know, my dear child."

Mrs. Wilmer's sympathies were already on the side of the young lovers, but she wanted to be very discreet; and she knew that she was apt to be impulsive where her feelings were roused.

"They were too strong for me," cried Estelle. "He was there, the Duke—madame said I could not draw back, that I was compromised—I must marry him.

"I felt helpless in her hands, as if she could make me do what she liked. I was frightened; I was almost mad, I think, and I was alone. I longed to get to you—and I ran away. Oh, I could not stay! You see I was a long way off, and in their hands."

"But where is he?" inquired Clara again. "Do you know that you have not even told me his name yet?"

"I do not know where he is," Estelle confessed, her eyes dropping before her friends' searching questions.

"Where did you meet him? Who is he?" pressed Mrs. Wilmer, beginning to be frightened.

"He is—he has been cruelly attacked—most unjustly, shamefully," cried Estelle. "My aunt believed it—as if it could be true! I will stake my own life on his innocence."

"Oh," thought Clara Wilmer, "this is another aspect of the affair! Madame may have right on her side; the poor child may have given her heart to a worthless person. Only nothing can excuse pressing the Duke on her under the circumstances."

Estelle's eyes were flashing, her cheeks were burning, as she defended her lover.

"If you had known him," she said, "you would have understood how impossible it is."

"What is?"

"The—the—what my aunt believed," answered Estelle.

"What did she believe, dearest?"

"That he had been guilty of—a crime."

"Of which you knew him to be innocent?"

"I? Oh, yes, a thousand times! My aunt misunderstood his silence: she was hard, cruel—as if I could have doubted him for a moment! You would not."

"Shall we begin at the beginning?" suggested Mrs. Wilmer, fairly puzzled and a good deal frightened. "How did you first know him? Had he committed a crime then?"

"He did not commit it!"

"No—but did Madame de Rougemont believe it of him then?"

"Oh, no—she accepted him conditionally! We were to wait for his father's consent. He came back to England——"

"He is English then?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Stealing Grapes.

BY A. S.

'SUCH a quantity of them,' said the widow Winton, "and doing nobody any good!"

The golden September sunshine was steeping all the uplands in yellow brightness; the courier of the coming frost had touched the maples and sumacs with fiery red, and the wild grapes in the woods came freighting the air with sweetness.

Such wild grapes, too—great blooming masses of purple outlined against their dark, green leaves, as if some enchanted hand had hung all the forest aisles with glistening pendants of amethyst.

"The jelly they would make," said the widow Winton, shading her large black eyes with one hand, as she looked up where the vines had garlanded a copse of cedar trees. "And the preserves. And the price they would bring in the market. I really do think that when I rented the Glen Cottage, I ought to have had the privilege of these woods into the bargain, more especially as Mr. Esselmont is in Europe, and the grapes are doing nobody any good."

And the widow Winton drew a deep sigh as the wind wafted a fresh gust of fragrance towards her—the sweet, indescribable aroma of ripening grapes in the crucible of autumn sun-shine.

The widow Winton, be it understood, was no angular matron or wrinkled old beldame, but a rosy little personage of two or three and twenty with laughing sloe-black eyes long-lashed and almond-shaped, a saucy *retrousse* nose, and lips like a clef rosebud.

And as she stood there, with her dimpled hands interplaced above her eyes, a rebellious resolution formed itself in her heart.

"I will have them," said the widow Winton; "as well me as the schoolboys and the sparrows. And if I were to ask that crusty old agent, I know he'd refuse, so I shall just omit the little ceremony. I'll send them into town, and I'll take the money to get me a new hat, for mine has been positively shabby ever since the crape got soaked through in that summer shower, three weeks ago Sunday.

And the widow Winton went home to the little cottage on the edge of the wood, which had once been a porter's lodge to the Esselmont estate, and told her sister what she had determined upon.

"Fanny," said Miss Charity Hall, who was ten years older than the widow, and a good many degrees graver, "pray don't think of such a thing."

"Why not?" said Fanny.

"It would be stealing."

"No, it wouldn't," stoutly argued Fanny. "There they hang, doing nobody any good; and it's a wicked, sinful shame. And Mr. Esselmont is in Paris, and that cross old crab of an agent sets up a cry if one does but break off a sprig of autumn leaves. No, Charity, there's no use arguing; the grapes I want, and the grapes I'll have."

"I wouldn't," said Miss Charity.

"I would," said the widow Winton.

And she took down a little wicker-basket with a twisted handle and a double lid, and tripped off.

"How are you going to reach them?" said Miss Charity."

"I shall climb," said the widow.

"You?" cried Miss Charity.

"Yes, I," nodded the widow.

But she was yet engaged in gathering the purple spoils that hung, ripe and tempting, within her reach, when there was a crackling of dry leaves under foot, and a tall young man in a suit of dark-colored cloth and a Tyrolese hat, stepped lightly into the forest glade.

"It's the new rector," said the widow Winton to herself. "To think that he should have blundered along at this very time of all others. But now I may as well make the best of it."

And she turned around to greet the bewildered newcomer with a sweet smile and the utmost self-possession.

"Will you have some grapes?" said she, holding out the twisted wicker-basket.

"I—I beg your pardon," stammered the stranger, "but I must have mistaken my way. I supposed these were the Esselmont woods."

"So they are," said the widow. "and I am stealing the Esselmont grapes, because you see I've rented the little cottage yonder, and I really think the grapes ought to go with the cottage, don't you?"

"Really," said the stranger—the widow Winton had perceived by this time that he was tall and straight, with pleasant hazel eyes, and a long silky moustache—"I know so little about the property here——"

"Oh, of course not," said the widow, sitting down on a fallen tree, with her little black silk apron full of grapes. "But I can tell you the person who owns the property is in Europe, and the agent is such a cross old fudge, that one can't ask for so much as a bunch of wild flowers—a regular crab you know," opening her bright eyes very wide to emphasize her idea.

"How very disagreeable," said the tall stranger, who had taken a seat on a mossy log beside the widow, and was eating grapes as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

"So I just concluded to help myself," said the widow.

"So I perceive," said the hero of the silky moustache.

"Wouldn't you if you were in my place," said the widow.

"Certainly I would," said the gentleman. "And if you will allow me I will help you to help yourself."

"But you have't time," said the widow Winton dubiously.

"Oh, yes, I have," said the stranger, "plenty of time I assure you. I was only crossing the woods to call on the new rector and——"

The purple clusters of grapes slid to the ground, as the widow Winton started up in amusement and dismay.

"Oh, dear!" she cried, "I thought you were the new rector."

The stranger laughed.

"Do I look so very clerical?" said he.

"Then you are the agent's son from Canada!" said she. "Oh dear! oh dear! And I've been calling your father a crab and all sorts of names. Oh dear! I beg your pardon, I am sure, but all the same he is a crab."

"Pray don't distress yourself," soothed the stranger. "I am no relation at all to Mr. Esselmont's agent."

The widow Winton brightened up a little at this.

"I'm thankful for that," said she. "And now if you'll help me with the grapes, we can get them all gathered before the agent comes this way on his afternoon walk. Can you climb?"

"I should rather think I could," promptly answered the gentleman.

The widow clapped her plump little hands in delight as the huge bunches rained down into her apron.

"There!" cried she, "that's enough!"

'Are you quite sure?'

"Oh, quite," said the widow, "for jelly and marmalade, and to send a lot to town to buy me new bonnet-strings."

The stranger sprang lightly to the ground from the boughs of a stately beech-tree.

"Then it's all right," said he. "And we've out-generaled Mr. Esselmont and his cross old agent after all."

"Haven't we?" said the widow Winton, with her black eyes all dancing with mischief. "And now if you'll come home with me, I'll give you a cup of real French chocolate, and a slice of sponge cake."

"I shall be very happy to carry your basket for you," said the stranger courteously.

"There he is now," said the widow, recoiling a little, as they neared the tiny cottage with its drooping eaves and pillared verandah.

"Who?" said the gentleman.

"The agent," said the widow Winton.

"He can't hurt us," said the stranger.

And he walked boldly into the very presence of Mr. Sandy Macpherson, with the basket of plundered grapes on his arm, while the widow followed, much marvelling at his valor.

But instead of bursting out into invective, the agent sprang to his feet, and began bowing and scraping most obsequiously.

"Really, sir—really, Mr. Esselmont," said he, "this is a pleasure that I didn't expect."

"Mr. Esselmont," cried out the widow.

"I beg a thousand pardons for not disclosing my identity before," said the handsome incognito. "But you've no idea how I have enjoyed this little masquerade. Will you allow me to introduce myself formally at last?"

The widow Winton turned crimson and pale.

"But I've been stealing your grapes," said she.

"Every fruit or flower on the Esselmont estates is at your service," said the young heir, with a bow and a smile.

But when he went away, Miss Charity took her younger sister formally to task.

"Fanny," said she, "aren't you ashamed?"

"Not a bit," said Fanny valiantly.

"Stealing fruit like a schoolboy, and romping like a child," remonstrated Charity.

"If Mr. Esselmont don't mind it," said the widow, "why should I? And we're going to the Haunted Spring to-morrow, and I shall show him the Rocky Glen. Oh, I can tell you, Charity, it's great fun."

But as time crept on Miss Charity Hall grew more uneasy still.

"Fanny," said she, "you must leave off flirting with Guy Esselmont."

"Why?" said the widow.

"Because you are poor, and he is rich, and people are beginning to talk."

"Let 'em talk," said Fanny; "we are to be married next month, and then we can set the whole world at defiance, and Charity ——" hiding her face on her elder sister's shoulder.

"Well?"

"He says he fell in love with me that day he caught me stealing his grapes."

"Humph!" said Miss Charity; "well, you've stolen his heart, so I don't see but that you're quits."

MOSLEM MARRIAGES.—Brokers generally arrange these marriages, though there are some love-matches in which the parties become attached to each other without the intervention of a third party. When a man has reached the marrying age, he is expected to enter the matrimonial ranks, unless prevented by poverty or some other impediment, and it is considered improper, and even dishonorable, for him to refrain from so doing. If a marriageable youth has a mother, she describes him to the girls of her acquaintance, and enables him to decide whom to take to his house and home. Frequently he engages the services of a woman marriage-broker, who has access to harems where there are marriageable women, and is employed by them quite as often as by the men. She receives fees from one party, and frequently from both. In her visits to the harems she is accompanied by the mother or other female relatives of the young man, she introduces them as ordinary visitors, but gives a sly hint as to the object of their call. If they do not like the appearance of the maiden, they plead many calls to make, and cut short their stay; but, if satisfied, they come to business at once, and ask how much property, personal or otherwise, the young lady possesses. When these facts are ascertained, they depart, with the intimation that they may call again. If the young man is satisfied with the report of the broker, he sends her again to the harem to state his own prospects in life, and, if she looks favorably on his suit, the match is made. Everything is arranged by deputy, and the Mohammedan lover does not see the face of his mistress until she is his wife.

THE WORK OF THE WORMS.—Worms seize leaves and other objects, not only to serve as food, but for plugging up the mouths of their burrows; and this is one of their strongest instincts. Leaves and petioles of many kinds, some flower peduncles, often decayed twigs of trees, bits of paper, feathers, tufts of wool, and horse hairs are dragged into their burrows for this purpose. When worms cannot obtain leaves, petioles, sticks, etc., with which to plug the mouths of their burrows, they often protect them by little heaps of stones, and such heaps of smooth rounded pebbles as may frequently be seen on gravel walks. Here there can be no question about food. A lady, who was interested in the habits of worms, removed the little heaps of stones from the mouths of several burrows and cleared the surface of the ground for some inches all round. She went out on the following night with a lantern, and saw the worms, with their tails fixed in their burrows, dragging the stones inward by the aid of their mouths, no doubt by suction.

BEARDED WOMEN.—A bearded woman was taken by the Russians at the battle of Pultown, and presented to the Czar, Peter the First, in 1724: her beard measured 1½ yards. The Great Margaret, governess of the Netherlands, had a very long, stiff beard. Mdlle. de Chene, born at Geneva (it was said) in 1834, was exhibited in London in 1853-3, when, consequently, eighteen years of age. She had a profuse head of hair, a strong black beard, large whiskers, thick hair on her arms, and had masculine features.

DAUGHTER (reading letter): "But, 'pa, dear, in this last word you put a letter too much."—'Pa (selfmade, and not a bit of pride about him): "Ave I, dear? Never mind, I dessy I've left one out in some other word, so that'll square it."

Bric-a-Brac.

WORMS.—Earthworms are said to restore themselves after being cut with a spade. A snail's head and horns grow again in six months. An eye of a water-newt is replaced in ten months.

LITERARY DISPATCH.—Dr. Johnson wrote "Rasselas" in the evenings of one week. Scott completed "Guy Mannering" in a month. Dryden's "Alexander's Feast" was the work of two days; and it is told of Shakspeare that he finished the "Merry Wives of Windsor" in a fortnight.

THE HUMAN BODY.—Only one-tenth of the human body is solid matter. A dead body weighing one hundred and twenty pounds was dried in an oven until all the moisture was expelled and its weight was reduced to twelve pounds. Egyptian mummies' bodies are thoroughly dried. They usually weigh about seven pounds.

PRAIRIE FIRES.—It is pointed out that prairie and heath fires may be caused during very warm weather by the bottoms of broken wine-bottles acting as burning-glasses on the sun-dried grass, scrub, or heath. It is a well-known fact that extensive bush-fires have taken place in Australia in consequence of broken bottles having been carelessly thrown down among the dried shrub.

PAINTINGS AND PAINTERS.—At Bruges there is a painting of the marriage of our Savior with St. Catharine. St. Dominick marries them, the Virgin joins their hands, and King David plays the harp at the wedding. There is a painting in Windsor castle by Verrio, of "Christ healing the sick," in which the painter has introduced himself, Kneller, and Baptiste May, surveyor of the works, in long periwigs, as spectators of the miracle.

WHITE AND BLACK BEANS.—Among the Athenians were tablets of brass inscribed with the names of all the citizens in each tribe, who were duly qualified and willing to be judges of the court of Areopagus. These tablets were cast into one vessel provided for the purpose, and the same number of beans, a hundred being white and all the rest black, were thrown into another. Then the names of the candidates and the beans were drawn out one by one; and they whose names were drawn out together with the white beans were elected judges or senators.

CHINESE DINNERS.—When entertaining any of the high constituted authorities, the master puts the first dish of the second course on every table himself, as it is brought in by the servants. After all, tea is served up in covered cups, and without milk or sugar; and thus closes the entertainment. On the day following the feast, the host sends a large red paper to each of the guests, apologising for the badness of the dinner; and they answer him on the same sort o' paper, expressing in the most exalted and extravagant terms the pleasure and unbounded satisfaction his feast has afforded them.

A MODERN FLOOD.—Stoflerus, a learned man who flourished in the 16th century, in Germany, predicted a terrible deluge in 1524, which alarmed all Europe. He was seconded by the astrologers of the day, and all sorts of expedients were contrived in order to evade the menaced calamity. People who dwelt near the sea shore, sold their estates at a great loss. Inspectors were sent to survey grounds in the provinces, to which men and beasts might resort to escape the inundation, and books were published pointing out the most feasible methods of avoiding the catastrophe.

LEARNED PARROTS.—An old English writer speaking of a parrot owned by a lady friend says: The lady one prepared him to accost Catalini the famous singer when dining with Mr. Braham, which so alarmed Madame that she nearly fell from her chair. Upon his commencing Rule Britannia in a loud and intrepid tone, the chantress fell on her knees before the bird, expressing, in terms of delight, her admiration of its talents. This parrot has only been exceeded by Lord Kelley's, who, upon being asked to sing, replied—"I never sing on Sunday." "Never mind that, Poll, come give us a song." "No, excuse, me, I've got a cold—don't you hear how hoarse I am." This extraordinary creature performed the three verses entire of God save the King, words and music, without hesitation, from the beginning to the end.

SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.—A charming tradition is connected with the site on which the Temple of Solomon was erected. It is said to have been owned in common by two brothers, one of whom had a family; the other had none. On the evening succeeding the harvest, the wheat having been gathered in separate shocks, the elder brother said unto his wife: "My younger brother is unable to bear the burden and heat of the day; I will arise, take my shocks, and place them with his without his knowledge." The younger brother being actuated by similar motives, said within himself; "My elder brother has a family, and I have none; I will arise, take off my shocks, and place them with his without his knowledge." Judge of their mutual astonishment, when, on the following morning they found their shocks undiminished. This course of events transpired for several nights, when each resolved, in his mind, to stand, to guard and solve this mystery. They did so, when on the following night they met each other, half way between their respective shocks, with arms full. Upon ground hallowed with such associations as these was the Temple of Solomon erected—so spacious and magnificent, the admiration and wonder of the world.

MY OWN.

BY O. P.

The lily and the rose had made their dwelling
In her fair face:
Her lips were something far beyond my telling,
Whose outward grace
Told of the music issuing from them daily
Ere she would speak;
And dimples played like sunbeams gaily
Around her cheek.

But dearer far than lily, rose, or dimple,
Was her true heart;
And sweeter far the charm most simple
Her eyes impart.
I would not owe their light for orbs whose beauty
Were beyond compare;
For they have taught me life's best duty,
Her love to share.

ARDEN COURT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY MARGHRIE."

CHAPTER XLIV.

AT the same hour, and at the same place, or at least within sight and hearing, and almost within bow-shot of that room where stern and angry passions raged in that unhappy woman's breast, was another as stricken and sad, if not guilty like Avice Merton.

In that sweet, sad nook where through the long summer's day the heavy shadows hung, where the dusky fire and graceful larches shaded the green and verdant earth, and the willow and larch whispered together in soft and waving plaints, where sparkling brooks sung a sweet lullaby to those who lay beneath that quiet sod,—in that last retreat of the weary and heavy laden, where Marian, the erring and the suffering, had found rest and peace, was a youthful, pale figure.

Under the graceful willow that shaded and crowned the grave of the departed Marian, there was a low stone seat, where Philip Arden had spent many a solitary hour, gazing on the spot most precious to him on earth.

And here, on this dark and stormy night, reclined the slight and bending form of the young daughter of her who slept beneath.

Hilda's head rested against the polished trunk of the tree; her figure altogether betokened utter abandonment to despair, and her bosom heaved from time to time in convulsive sobs.

"Mother, mother!" broke from her; "oh, why did you leave me! why did you leave your poor child: Can you see me, mother? Can you look down on the unhappy ones you have left?—on your child—on him for whom you sacrificed so much, and who is no unworthy? Can you see him, mother? —can you see the felon in the cell?—can you see your poor child, wandering and in exile lest she bring disgrace on the noble and the good?"

A passionate flood of tears interrupted her voice.

"Oh, Father of Heaven!" she murmured at last; "look down on me, and on him. And may I be supported and strengthened to be to him all that my poor, poor mother would have desired—as she would have ordered for her child."

Then she leaned again against that strong tree, and covered her face, and remained long in silent, earnest prayer.

How long she knew not; but ere many minutes had elapsed after she raised her head from her reverie, she was roused by a clap of thunder, and a flash of lightning that almost blinded her.

Then the wind roared through the branches of that graceful willow, and the pitiless rain came drifting through its high boughs, till it chilled her very blood.

That young and stricken one had wandered far that day.

She had scarcely tasted food or sheltered her head since that early morn.

Her recent illness had weakened her frame: the shock of the previous day, the agitation of Sir Guy Capel's offer, had all shattered her harassed nerves.

Every power of mind and body had been over-strained, and her brave spirit at length gave way.

She shivered and cowered as the storm increased in power and intensity.

Every flash, every peal, seemed to stun her brain and bewilder her dazzled senses.

At length nature could bear no more.

Hilda gave one low, long piteous cry, one sad wail, one last glance at that beloved stone, and sank on the green damp grass at its foot, pale and senseless as the face carved on the marble.

Poor Hilda!

* * * * * *

"Man proposes, but God disposes" is a true, if trite proverb; and every day confirms the truth.

It was apparently an evil and ominous occurrence that had brought James Deane to his old home on that dark and stormy night, and in some respects it was so.

For his aged grand-aunt, the sole remaining sister of the old housekeeper of the Ardens, had been seized with a repetition of an attack which must eventually prove fatal; and as James was her sole remaining relative, and the heir of her little savings and modest belongings, she had anxiously desired that he should come to her death-bed and close her eyes.

"Bid him bring the lawyer with him," she had said to the kind physician who had known her and hers for so many years, that he looked at her more as a friend rather than a mere humble patient. "He cannot make the will himself, you know, doctor, and I must have it done."

"Well, Mrs. Deane," the doctor had replied. "I will telegraph to your nephew, and I shall have to meet the train myself to-night for some important matters that I have sent for; and I can drive him over, and the lawyer too, and get your business done and witnessed at once."

It was a fearful night, as we have already described, and the doctor's horses started and reared at the noise of the warring elements; the doctor had nerve and self-possession, and he drove steadily on, with his servant at his side, and James Deane and the lawyer, who had accompanied him, in the covered back seat of his vehicle.

On they went, towards Mrs. Deane's cottage, which was about two miles beyond Arden Court; and James looked curiously from his side of the carriage, to catch a glimpse of the old building where in his boyhood he had passed so many happy days, and where his old chum, Josiah Blunt, still lived, in reluctant servitude.

A strong flash of lightning revealed the building in the distance, and James pointed it out to the lawyer.

"Yes," said James, "that's where Mr. Arden lived, that was so kind to me, sir; and he is buried not far from the house—no, not exactly in the family vault, but very near Miss Hilda's mother, whom my dear aunt told me he was to have married. The place, sir, is just under the willow. There, you can see it in that flash!"

The lawyer looked earnestly; then pulled the doctor violently by the sleeve.

"Doctor, doctor, stop!" he cried. "I saw a figure lying there, I'm certain of it."

"Lying where?" said the doctor, rather testily, for he was half-blinded by the storm, and not very willing to listen to any useless hindrance.

"There, there, under the willow," he replied. "For Heaven's sake, doctor, stop, or we shall have murder on our souls!"

The doctor had strained his eyes in vain in the thick darkness to discern any object, or even the willow itself, though they were rapidly approaching it.

But just then a brilliant, dazzling, prolonged flash burst over the clouds and lighted up the heavens, and the party saw distinctly the scene—the tree, the grave, and the white figure at its foot.

"It is a woman!" said the doctor. "Jim, my lad, down you go, and see whether she is dead or asleep?"

James Deane needed no further request.

He leaped from the vehicle, followed by the lawyer, to whose quick sight the discovery was due, and the servant and the doctor remained anxiously waiting for the result of their expedition.

It was indeed no ordinary service they had undertaken.

The wind was in their faces, and the rain beat so violently against them as almost to blind their eyes, while the sudden flashes of lightning were bewildering and deceptive, as they made their difficult and tedious way.

But at length, thanks to James Deane's knowledge of every foot of the ground, they reached the spot.

They stooped down, and the cold limbs that met their touch proved that their conjecture had been correct.

It was a woman.

And when they had with little difficulty raised the light form, and by the light of the flashes saw the white face, all further doubt was at an end.

The face at once realized the secret misgivings of James Deane.

It was his friend's beloved young mistress, the favorite of his lost aunt, the once idolized and presumed heiress of the estate and lands around them.

"Good Heavens! it's Miss Hilda—dead, I do believe!" cried James. "Poor, poor young lady!"

"No, no, I don't suppose she is dead," said the lawyer; "but she soon will be if we don't get her to some shelter. There, I've got her feet; and we'll soon get her to the carriage. There, now, lad."

They set off, and soon reached again the carriage they had recently left.

The doctor's surprise was more felt than expressed.

He was not one to waste time and sympathy in words, but he gave some brief directions as to the best mode of supporting and sheltering the young sufferer during the remainder of the drive; and, in less than five minutes, the horses, now pushed to their utmost speed, had reached Mrs. Deane's door.

Hilda was lifted from the carriage and placed in warmth and safety in a dry and comfortable bed, and such restoratives were administered that soon roused her from that death-like swoon.

The doctor did not leave the cottage till long after midnight, and when he did so the storm had passed away as suddenly as it had begun, and the silver moon was bathing the landscape in a flood of light and shade.

The doctor was not poetical or fanciful, but he did indulge a reflection that bordered on both.

"Poor child!" said he—"poor child, I hope your fate may be like this. Dark storms enough have beaten on your young heart as yet; but there is a silver lining to every cloud, and therefore I will not despair for you."

The doctor drove rapidly home, conscious that he himself should by no means be the worse for the rest and the warmth of his own comfortable house.

He was a worthy man, and well merited the fortune that he was reported to have made in his long years of practice.

A very different way to his worthless co-practitioner, Charles Henry.

CHAPTER XLV.

IN the court-house of the Old Bailey the trial of Reginald Glanville was about to commence.

The court-house was crowded to suffocation, for the name and station of the prisoner would alone have brought thither numbers who rarely enter a court of justice or bend their steps so far eastward.

The crime for which Glanville was arraigned, the previous position he had held, the consequences of the robbery of an old and responsible banking firm, were sufficient to awaken the intense interest of the denizens of the city.

Bankers, merchants, and tradesmen naturally flocked to so singular, important, and interesting a case, and one that seemed to touch on their own possible fates and dangers.

And club men, men of fashion, old associates and companions of the prisoner, were also there; men of title and rank, men who had won many a bank-note of the unhappy prisoner, and others who had spent many a pleasant convivial hour in his company.

Then, too, there were many of the softer sex in the throng.

Friends of the bankers who had suffered the loss, and in some cases friends of the prisoner; fair maidens who had danced and flirted with the gay and handsome man in former days; young and sensitive girls, fascinated by the mystery and romance of the affair, and strong-minded women, who had a desire to see and hear all such remarkable cases, were among the number.

And then, too, there were the ordinary frequenters of courts—rabble, who wished to have a look at the "gentleman robber;" and persons a step above the throng, who pass much of their time in their unhealthy atmosphere, completed the crowd.

But one person was there who attracted attention from all who could catch sight of the spot where she sat.

It was a veiled lady who had been led to a seat almost immediately below the bar, where the prisoner would be shortly placed, by a gentleman young and handsome, who was understood to be the counsel for the prisoner.

No one could see her features, for her face was closely veiled; but her figure was tall and commanding, and her step and attitude were graceful and dignified even at that trying moment.

"Who is she?—who can she be?" was the general whisper.

And the few who remembered the household of the unhappy prisoner and his history fancied that they had indeed a key to the truth, when they indulged in the low, mysterious whispers—"Can it be his wife?"—"Why, she left him years since."—"She wouldn't come back to him now."—"I heard she was dead, or mad."

Such were the whispers that were exchanged among the few that were cognisant of Reginald's past history.

And for once they were well founded. The lady whom Lewis Delany conducted to that place so near to the prisoner, that it seemed as if she were indeed determined to support him with her immediate presence and sympathy, was Julia Courtenay, the heiress; Julia Glanville, the prisoner's wife; Julia Courton, the famed actress.

But her features were carefully concealed by the thick veil she wore; and she was sufficiently changed by care, and suffering, time, and dress, for her to baffle the recognition of any but those who had known her well, and, whose eyes were keen and quick to detect the old features through the new expression and the changes occasioned by time.

Soon, however, the spectators were diverted from their comments on Julia by the entrance of the prisoner, and all eyes were fixed on him, most of them with curiosity, some with sympathy, some with bitter reprobation, and one with deep and devoted love. He bore it all firmly; nay, nobly.

Reginald was indeed much changed, even since the brief period of his imprisonment. He was pale and wasted, certainly, but though he had been indeed haggard and worn when he was first consigned to his dismal cell, his expression was far different. The despair, the restless defiance, the strong daring, were gone from his face.

He was sad, deeply sad; but calm, manly undaunted by the gaze, the murmurs, the reprobation he met on every side. The old noble man was there.

His head was erect, his eyes were calm and bright, his mouth was firmly closed; but there was no bitterness, no anger, no terror in the calm lips.

His face was pale, but not with the pallor of terror and conscious guilt; and the voice with which he answered the question of the usher, "Guilty or not guilty," was firm,—"Not guilty."

Those distinctly audible words had a strange effect. People exchanged glances that spoke plainly that they were indeed surprised at the prisoner's demeanor and looks.

Some of the ladies wiped their eyes, and some of the gentlemen whispered, "He carries it well, at any rate." And then the trial began.

The lady below the prisoner's dock had fixed her eyes on him from the moment that he had entered.

She had no ears, no eyes for any one, for anything else in the court. And he—did he see her, the devoted one? Yes; and her presence gave him courage and fortitude to prove himself at least no craven—to be worthy, so far, of her devotion, her forgiveness.

Yes, a blessed work had been wrought in him during those prison hours.

True repentance, humble self-abasement, firm hope and faith, had taken the place of the haughty pride, the selfish passions, the hardened disregard of all save himself, which had hitherto marred his nature.

Julia gazed at him with a chastened pride. She could thank God even in that hour that her idolised Reginald had been at last brought to his true self—that the errors and sins which had arisen from his early defective training had been repented of, and that his mind and heart had been chastened and purified by the fiery trials that he had undergone. For a brief space she was lifted up above the terrible trial of the present; but the voice of the counsel for the prosecution soon brought her back to the consciousness of her misery.

Nothing could obliterate that wretched fact; that the one she loved better than life, the man to whom she had once sworn devotion till the last hour of her existence, was standing in the felon's dock, and his fate was hanging on a thread.

The exultation passed away, and she once more returned to the stern, bitter sense of her extreme misery.

The counsel began. He was a man of ability, of eloquence, one who had the gift of magnifying while yet appearing to depreciate the crime against which he pleaded; one who, while expressing sympathy and sorrow for the criminal, that took all feeling and harshness from the accusation, could yet hold him up to the utmost rigor of public hate; and, in his opening address, this gift was indeed well displayed.

The artful colors in which he painted the crime, as committed by one so high in station, so well born, so well educated, so raised above the common run of criminals, the necessity of even-handed justice for rich and poor, all aggravated in the eyes of the assembly, if not of the jury, the magnitude of the offence, and the necessity for unusual rigor in its punishment.

He concluded after a masterly but brief sketch of the evidence, with an eloquent burst of exhortation to the jury to give no occasion for the poor to say that the rich and the educated should receive a different meed of justice from the common and more excusable class of prisoners with whom they had to deal.

And when he sat down, the murmur in the assembly expressed, as plainly as a mass of sound could do, "He is guilty—let him suffer—he is guilty."

Julia looked up at her beloved. His face was very pale, but the firm, calm look was still there; and he replied to her beseeching, pitying glance, with a sad, but composed and loving smile.

She longed to take her place by him, to place her arm in his, and proclaim her belief in his innocence.

Then the witness were called. The first was the resident porter at the bank—a middle-aged man, of grave and respectable appearance.

His evidence was given clearly and unhesitatingly. He had, he said, locked all the doors and windows, before retiring to rest, and had gone over the bank at last thing; for Mr. Sabine's absence had induced him to be unusually careful on that night.

"Did you know the prisoner?" was asked.

"Certainly," he replied; "from quite a lad. He was often at the banking house in the late Mr. Glanville's time."

There was an exchange of looks.

"Then he would be well acquainted with the ways and depositories of the bank, and the mode in which the moneys were secured?"

The worthy man hesitated. He felt the import of the answer he was yet bound to give; but there was no evading it. He could not perjure himself even for the son of his old master.

"I should suppose so," was the reply; "at least, he had every opportunity; but I cannot say positively. I was but a servant and not with the gentleman in the firm either in former years or at the present time."

Next came the servants of Glanville's own dwelling-house, whose examination was sharp and close. The valet and porter were the two principally examined.

"Was Mr. Glanville absent from home on the night of the robbery?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"What time did he return?"

"I can't say: about twelve I went to my bed."

"Where did you sleep?"

"In a small room off the hall."

"And you mean to say that you did not hear your master come home?"

"I did, but I cannot say at what hour. It was late, but he was often late, and I did not take notice of it," said the honest fellow.

"That will do," said the counsel.

Then the valet was called.

"Can you inform the court whether your master had any enemies; that is, any one with whom he had any quarrel?"

"Not that I know of," was the reply; "but I cannot positively tell. Mr. Glanville was not a gentleman to tell any servant his secrets, and I could not take it on myself to say that some was not jealous of him, and wished to do him harm."

"Oh, indeed! well, that is to be proved," said the counsel, sarcastically. "I asked you what you knew—not what you thought possible. And pray, did you set up for Mr. Glanville on the night in question?"

"No, I never did."

"Were you in the habit of leaving his apartments ready for him on his return? I mean, of seeing that all was right and comfortable as to lights and fires, and all closed and secure in his absence?"

"Yes, it was always my custom to do so."

"Then, listen, and answer truly and deliberately. Do you think that there was any window or door left unfastened on that night whereby anyone could have got in,

had he been so disposed, and secreted himself or any papers?"

The man paused.

"On your oath, remember."

The worthy fellow turned pale, but he replied briefly:

"There was not, to my knowledge."

The man was allowed to stand down.

The counsel had gained his point, and the opinions were going against the prisoner.

Then came a number of other witnesses; a cabman, who had taken the prisoner from the city to the neighborhood of his own residence; a member of a gambling-house, who to his having seen Mr. Glanville play deeply on that evening, losing nearly every game, till he appeared to rush in desperation from the room.

Then came evidence as to the signature being Mr. Glanville's on the paper found near the safe, followed by the testimony of the detective as to the "charm" being evidently a portion of the appendages to Glanville's watch-chain; and of the bank officials proving the identity of the notes and bills found in his house.

This closed the case for the prosecution. Could there well be one stronger? The absence from home, the losses, the burglar's evident knowledge of the whole arrangements of the banking-house, and even the key of the safe, which must have been obtained and imitated by some familiar hand. These, and many other small circumstances that could be fixed as a chain round the unhappy prisoner, were conclusive in the opinion of the audience.

A hush settled down on the crowd, and the expression on each face said, "He is guilty!" But the pause was not of long duration.

Lewis Delany, the counsel for the prisoner, now rose.

He was young, and had not long been called to the bar; but more than once he had distinguished himself as junior counsel in some important cases, and was looked upon as a rising man.

He got up, with pale face, earnest eyes, and compressed lips. Evidently he was impressed with the almost hopelessness of the case.

He looked more like a brave man about to lead a forlorn hope, than a confident and triumphant counsel about to hold a secure and tenable position, and win laurels in his cause. And it was so.

"It is an almost hopeless case," he said to Julia after his first interview with the prisoner; "but, madam, if there are means to be found to unravel the web that circumstances have woven round him, rely on it, no means shall be left unemployed.

"I do not honestly believe him to be the victim of some foul plot, but one that will be most difficult to prove."

That brave and ernest man was now to do his best for his client, to go forth like a young knight, buckling on his armor for the defence of an almost hopeless cause; and the earnest face, the candid eyes, the deeply-moved tones, went to the heart of his auditory.

It was a singular scene. The crowd of upturned faces, all eager and flushed with excitement; the one pale, veiled woman nobly suppressing the deep emotion that shook her; one dark-featured man, with large cloak and slouched hat, that wellnigh concealed his features; the colorless but firm face of the prisoner; the grave countenances of the jury; all formed a tableau that would have worthily taxed an artist's powers.

The pause was over. The young man began. Calmly, earnestly, with eloquence that came from the heart, he pleaded for his client.

"The counsel for the prosecution," said he, "has asked whether there is any enemy who would be likely to have woven this chain of evidence.

"I answer boldly—yes, there is, and one capable of any such villany. Still, I cannot presume to say that I can fix it on him; I cannot even at present connect it with him; but yet I do not scruple to say that I believe that truth will be brought to light.

"And I therefore adjure you to take all these circumstances into consideration; and at least, if you cannot declare the prisoner innocent, that you will so frame your verdict that no punishment shall be at present carried into effect against him."

He then skilfully and clearly weighed the evidence for the prosecution, and in every possible manner endeavored to weaken the effect of that which had as yet been deemed so incontrovertible.

And then, with an eloquent peroration, he sat down.

The judge now began his charge. Calm, luminous, and impartial, it yet bore with telling effect against the prisoner.

The venerable man evidently felt it himself with a grave and painful reality. The jury, too, looked like men about to discharge a most solemn duty, but one that must be done. The question was at length put to them, "Guilty, or not guilty?"

Alas! there could be no alternative in the minds of the honest men. It scarcely needed a retirement from their box, save the decorum of the course.

And when, at the lapse of about ten minutes of anxious suspense, they returned into court, there was scarcely a doubt existing as to the reply to the usual question.

All eyes were fixed on the foreman, all save those of the young counsel for the prosecution. He was busily engaged in reading a brief note that had been handed to him by an officer of the court after a short struggle with the throng. A rapid flush came over his face, the dark cloud cleared from his brow, and he rose hastily.

"My lord, and gentleman of the jury," said he, "I entreat a few moments' delay, I have an unexpected witness, who will, I trust, enable me to prove that my client is, as I believe, the victim of an infamous conspiracy, and an innocent man."

During this brief exordium the veiled figure had risen, breathlessly leaning forward and grasping the railing under the dock; the prisoner raised his bowed head with some of the same sudden confidence infused in his look and manner.

"Insufferable," whispered the counsel for the prosecution to a brother senior counsel. "Whom can he have picked up, I wonder?"

The dark and disguised man in the centre of the crowd slunk quietly and unnoticed towards the door, as the officers made way for the new witness though the throng. As he ascended into the box every eye was turned on him; but his own did not wander over the mass of human beings who breathlessly hung on his words.

His figure was tall, noble, and youthful, his features were strikingly handsome, but haggard and pale with a strange emotion, and long inward sufferings. The court was as still as death while the oath was administered. Then Lewis Delany began.

"What is your name?"

"I am known as Jasper Talbot," he replied in a cold hard tone.

"Do you know the prisoner?—have you ever seen him before? Look at him carefully ere you reply."

The witness obeyed. His eyes met the prisoner's. The father and son gazed at each other. The one with a strange and bitter, the other with a bewildered, stunned expression.

At the young man's first appearance in the box, Glanville gazed at him with a dream-like look. The years that had passed since he had first seen his boy at Harrow had swept away every likeness, every trace of the sunny, joyous, frank youth, and brought instead the pale careworn, but yet intellectual features of the man. But when the name, Jasper Talbot, was, uttered, Glanville sprang forward with half-extended arms, as if he would fain have clasped the youth to his heart; but Jasper smiled a bitter scornful smile, and folded his arms resolutely across his breast. That gesture was significant; it spoke as plainly as words. The heart was closed—the father shut out from its warm beatings.

The unhappy man sunk back and covered his face with his hands. His own child had rejected him.

"You know the prisoner?" again asked Delany, when this brief pantomime was over.—"I do," Jasper replied, coldly.

"When did you last see him?" "On the night of the eighth of June."

"Where?"—"First in St. James' Street; after that at his own house."

"Will you repeat to the court what you saw and heard in the prisoner's house on that night?"

Jasper bowed. Then he began in a low, clear tone. A pin dropping on the floor might have been heard, so profound was the silence.

"It was late on the night of the eighth of June, or rather on the following morning, for two o'clock had long struck.

"I was returning from the house of an acquaintance, where I had been detained very late correcting some sheets for the press."

"Have you any objections to give the name?" interrupted the judge.

Jasper mentioned the name, and went on.

"I was passing a house when I noticed Mr. Glanville step out of the door just before I came up.

"The light was dawning, and I saw his face clearly. His manner was excited. I followed him to his house, and entered after him without his perceiving me."

"And why did you steal thus into his house?" asked the judge.

Jasper's lip quivered; but he replied quickly, "It was for a private reason, my lord; one that had nothing to do with the matter before the court.

"Suffice it to say, that I had some knowledge of Mr. Glanville that made me feel a sudden impulse to follow him, to see his inner life, and then I intended to speak with him.

"I had never spoken to him before; but there was a connection between us that prompted the desire to do so now."

The judge was content. He could read the young man's manner aright. He felt that he spoke the truth.

"Mr. Glanville lighted some tapers," continued Jasper, "for the room was completely darkened by the heavy curtains and shutters.

"His face was pale and his exclamations soon told me that he had lost his last note at the gaming-table.

"He remained in the room some time, and I still lingered unperceived. It appeared to be no fit time for what I had to say, and I inwardly determined to wait for his retirement and then leave the house.

"At length he seemed to grow calmer. He went up-stairs to his room; and I only waited till I thought it would be safe for me to leave the house, probably to return on the morrow.

"I was about to leave my concealment when a sharp click of the hall door lock arrested my attention.

"The library door had been left ajar. I thought, of course, that this entrance must be that of some burglar who knew the house, and I stepped back behind the curtains to ascertain what he intended to do ere I alarmed the household.

"Presently a man entered stealthily, like one well acquainted with the house.

"He listened, then took up the taper, which Mr. Glanville had left lighted in his excitement, and went to the carved escritoire that stood by the wall. The key was in the lock.

"Mr. Glanville's mind had evidently been quite bewildered and wandering, and regardless of all such precautions. I knew the man, and I waited to see what he would do. I saw him take a packet of notes from his coat pocket and look attentively at them. He then put them in an inner drawer of the escritoire, re-turned the key, replaced the taper, and crept stealthily out."

"And you did not stop him!" said the judge sternly.

"It was not my business, my lord," replied Jasper. "Mr. Glanville and his servant were the guardians of his house and affairs.

"I knew nothing of the matter in question till I found the prisoner was in danger from the deed."

"And his name?" asked Lewis Delany. "You say you were sure of his identity?

"I was," replied Jasper. "I had known him well in past years. His name was Hugh Fleming."

There was a sudden cry—a great sensation: and it was not noticed that one of that throng glided from the court with blanched face and lips.

The judge hesitated for a few minutes; then his decision was given.

"Prisoner at the bar, I find that the jury who have tried you, consider that the evidence of the witness who has just left the box is strongly conclusive of your innocence. He has proved an *alibi*, and furnished a strong presumption that the robbery was effected by the person who placed the notes in question in your escritoire. Still, there hangs over the case and over your conduct, so peculiar a mystery, that I have decided on holding you to bail for your appearance at the next assizes. At the same time it is but due to you to state that the Court believes you innocent, and that our reason for taking this course is that you may leave without a stain on your character, as well as further the ends of justice. Have you any one here who will be bail for you?"

Two gentleman came forward; one aged, the other youthful in appearance. Both were strangers to Reginald Glanville. Indeed he scarcely seemed aware of what was going on. His eyes had been fixed on the spot where his son had disappeared on the conclusion of his evidence. Even the name of one was unknown to him. The strangers thus willing to incur heavy responsibility for him were Sir Guy Capel and Mr. Delany, the uncle of Lewis and of Nora.

It was a strange coincidence that brought these three persons together, each in comparative ignorance of the other; the lover of Hilda, the unknown and unconscious father, and the adopted father of her whose heart was so closely bound up with the unfortunate son of the erring man.

The formalities were quickly gone through, and the prisoner was released.

When all was over Reginald Glanville did not return to his own luxurious dwelling, but to the more modest home where Julia had lately sojourned. She hastily left the court when the judge's decision was pronounced. It was not in such a scene that she could meet Reginald to rejoice with chastened thankfulness on his deliverance. She had hastily driven home. The thick bonnet and veil had been thrown aside, and she had sunk on her knees in earnest prayer and thanksgiving for the great and unexpected mercies vouchsafed to her.

The sound of wheels roused her from the earnest and devout reverie in which she was plunged.

Then she heard the well-known step mounting the stairs,—a step that had once made her heart beat with delight.

It was far more slow and heavy now than in those days; but still, the peculiar tread was familiar to her ears; even as the features, changed as they were, came familiarly to her eyes.

The door opened.

It was Reginald, pale and sad, but with a look of tender gratitude in his dark eyes that spoke volumes to her heart.

"Julia," he said, "what do I not owe you?"

"Nothing, Reginald," she replied. "The reward has received been long since. It is truly a blessed hour."

"It is," said he; "but——"

The deep sadness of the tone, the sigh that broke the sentence, spoke volumes to Julia.

"What is it, Reginald?" she asked. "You are not unthankful for these great blessings!"

"No, Julia," he replied; "but I am indeed abased when I look round and see the misery that I have occasioned. You—the noble, the good, and the forgiving, are not my lawful wife; the lad who saved me this day, loathes and disowns me; and the poor girl, whom I so deeply wronged, died in ignorance that the awful shame she felt with such agony was not her portion. Can I dare to lift my head again, even though this crime is not laid to my charge? Oh Julia, the very sight of your face, the very sound of your voice, is a reproach like a dagger in my heart."

He covered his face, as if to shut out the light and sound; but she took his hand reverently, and stooped down to kiss his forehead.

"Reginald," said she, "trust to Him who can alone bring good out of evil. He has delivered you from this great and terrible danger, from which there appeared no way of escape. And He can do yet more. My beloved, put your whole confidence in Him: bear the consequence of your past errors, and of mine: and may the punishment be blessed to us, even before it is removed."

As Julia's voice fell softly on his ears, and her sweet, calm, chastened look rested on his face, Reginald's stricken heart revived, and he once more regained the calm, subdued resignation that he had attained before the trial.

CHAPTER XLVI.

As might be expected, this result was anything but pleasant to Hugh Fleming.

He knew that it was but a question of time for him to be arrested if he remained in England, so he set about making his preparations.

As fate would have it, his first steps were towards Julia Courtenay's old home—the home he had tried to render desolate.

Strange were the variations of mood that passed over Hugh Fleming's face as he gazed.

First, he softened and melted in the memories of those old days; then, as he thought of what he had been, what he was, and of what he might become, his face grew dark.

"It is well," he said, "it is well—yes, I have done well.

"I have avenged myself on the causes of my deep misery; I have had a revenge worthy of me, and of the wrongs I have suffered.

"True, I am driven from my country—I must enjoy my wealth in a foreign land; but then, what am I?

"The proud Julia is a disgraced woman; the luxurious Reginald Glanville, a barely escaped felon, bereft of every sixpence, of character, of friends, of his child's love, and of his wife's allegiance.

"At least they have suffered, and in other lands I will try to forget all but that I have wealth and power, health, and comparative youth.

"Ah, there are years of jollity and luxury before me yet! and there are those as fair as Julia, and far less proud, who will gladly be bride to the wealthy and handsome Hugh Fleming.

"A few more days of danger and concealment, a few more pangs of separation and of memory, and I then will take a draught of the waters of Lethe, and begin life anew.

"Ha! ha! it will be a good jest, after all, to begin my career of wealth, and enjoyment, and power, when the lives of those who scorned me are closing in darkness, poverty, and gloom—a good jest!"

He laughed again,—a hollow, bitter laugh.

Then, again, his mood appeared to change.

His brow relaxed once more into a softened calmness; his lips were slightly apart; and there was a dreamy softness in his eyes that gave token of the fascinations he had possessed in his better and more youthful days.

They even glistened with a suspicious moisture, as he gazed once more on the well-remembered scene.

"Yes, Heaven knows, I have been villain enough," he mused. "Conscience has been wonderfully dead within me, and I sometimes think I must be without one."

He laughed again lightly; then he remained motionless for a few minutes.

"And why should I not reform?" came from his closed lips. "There are silver monitors in my head," said he; and his fingers ran idly through his locks; "it's about time I should turn sober and honest, and live like a gentleman. And yet, should I be content with such a life?"

Again the habitual scornful curl hovered about his lips.

"No, by Heavens! I believe I could not!" he exclaimed. "I could never endure so tame and slavish a life. I'd rather put a bullet through my head. Pshaw! what put that ugly notion into my head, I wonder!"

He slightly shuddered, gazing over his shoulder into the dusky gloaming.

"Pshaw!" he repeated, touching his horse with his whip; "pshaw! I am getting foolish, and nervous, else why do that old fortune-teller's words rush into my mind when I have forgotten them these fifteen years?

"I was younger then, and laughed them to scorn; yet I can see now how the old hag's snake eyes glittered because I stole a kiss from her pretty daughter.

"Let me see. The curse ran after this fashion:—'She you would wed shall bring you to your ruin.'

"The old crone! It is strange those words should come up to-night.

"If I were superstitious I should say it was a warning.

"Yet what old woman fancies are these? After all it can do no harm to hurry my flight.

"Those detectives have Argus eyes, and it will need all my caution to evade them.

"Let me see. If I manage to remain here till next week when the heat of the search is over, I may get on board the next South American vessel, and then by degrees work my way to any spot I may like to choose, where, under a feigned name, and with plenty of money in my pocket, I shall defy detectives and enjoy my liberty. Come, Selim."

Touching his horse, he went more quickly along the path that led to the "Courtenay Arms."

It was perhaps a bad omen that the buxom Jessie so quickly recognized him.

And yet he was unconsciously flattered by the proof at once of her remembrance, and of the little change that time had wrought in his appearance.

"It does one good to see you, sir," she said. "It reminds one of the time when the Park was full of gentry and company, and poor, dear Miss Julia the admiration and belle of the party. Ah! poor dear! she little thought—— I wonder where she is! Have you heard anything of her, Mr. Hugh?"

"Nothing, Jessie,—nothing," he replied. "But tell me, have you accommodation for me? I wish to live quietly while I am

here. I don't care to be known, you see;" and he gave her a half-knowing, half-admiring look that recalled the old days to her mind.

"Certainly, Mr. Hugh, certainly," she replied. "Whatever you think best and wish shall be done; and strictly carried out, Mr. Hugh."

"Very well, Jessie," said he. "Then let my horse be put up, and give me your quietest rooms, and get some supper for me while I take a stroll. There's no one at the Park, I suppose? I should like to visit the old place."

"No one, Mr. Hugh, no one," she replied. "The place has been closed for the last three years, ever since my dear young lady disappeared, and it was luck that there was no land belonging to the house and Park, or it might have gone with the rest of the property. But I've been told, you see, that it could not be sold, and it was to go to some other relative of the old gentleman's, if Miss Julia left no heir. And a good thing, too, as I said before."

Hugh winced, but he thought it most prudent to say nothing, and he only repeated his order to have supper ready, and wandered forth from the house along the well-known paths and glades of the Park.

Myriads of stars twinkled in the heavens, and the moon was slowly ascending from the western horizon, whence the sunset splendor had not wholly faded.

Through this fair scene the guilty man took his way, with strange alternation of mood, until he at last reached the summer-house where he had suffered those fierce agonies the day of Julia's wedding.

The beautiful creepers that had been trained round it by Julia's taste, were now trailing and neglected on the ground.

The uncertain light well-nigh dazzled his eyes.

He scarcely distinguished objects as he went about the well-known spot till he was just inside the summer-house.

Then, for the first time, he perceived that it was not untenanted.

A figure in dark garments was sitting on the benches, the head leaning on the arms, the face half-concealed.

It scarcely needed the sight of the features to tell Hugh Fleming that he stood face to face with his cousin,—his worshipped, his deeply-injured Julia.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Sister's Vengeance.

BY E. W. P. B.

"A BOUQUET, sir?"

Elmer Richards starts suddenly, and glances apprehensively at the speaker.

Surely there is nothing to fear in the little pink-robed figure before him with shyly-drooping eyes, and white dimpled hands that are now engaged in wrapping a bit of silver leaf around the stems of a bunch of flowers.

"Bouquet, sir?" she repeats. "Here is one I am sure you will like, myrtle and tea-roses. Shall I arrange it for you?"

He bends forward that she may pin the blossoms on his coat-lapel.

He notices how small and white her hands are, and wishes she would raise her fringed lids.

"There; don't you like it?" she says. "The price is a shilling."

Elmer draws a coin from his well-filled wallet, and lays it on the counter.

"Keep the remainder for the cause," he says.

The young girl smiles, and raises her eyes to his.

Can it be that he, a man of the world, who has been admired and sought by dozens of beautiful women, has fallen in love with a pretty flower-seller at a charity fair?

He moves away, and accosts an acquaintance moving around the brilliant apartment.

"Who is that young girl with the handsome black eyes—the flower-seller?"

George Ellis looks up at his companion with an amused smile.

"What, Richards, are you smitten?" he says. "Well, you are by no means the first one with whom those eyes have made sad havoc. Her name is Beatrice Irving."

Irving! Elmer gave an involuntary start.

Ah, yes, that name is familiar to him!

A sad, pale face rises before him, with wistful blue eyes and trembling lips.

It appeared to him once before this evening, when he first heard Beatrice Irving's voice; it haunts him all the evening, and when the fair is over, and he returns to his handsome apartments, he sees it still, and beside it glows the flower-seller's brilliant face.

Elmer Richards starts like a guilty thing as this thought comes to him; he knows why the sweet life ended so early; why the little grave was made so soon for her whose last words were of him—pretty Millie Irving.

"Why indulge in these morbid fancies?" he thinks. "It is a thing of the past now, and as such should be forgotten."

So he dismisses the sad, unpleasant memories, and leaning back in his chair, lights a cigarette, and, watching the curling smoke-wreaths as they float upwards, he sees in their midst a dim vision of the rose-tinted face of Beatrice Irving, the flower-seller.

* * * * * *

"What, Richards, are you going to snub your friends in this manner?"

"Jerry, old boy, is it you?" he exclaims. "'Pon my honor, I did not know you! Step up into my room, and tell me the news."

"Nice place you've got here," says Jerry, as they enter the luxurious apartment.

"When did you return?" Elmer asks.

"Only two days ago," is the reply. "Been down to see the folks; lots of company there—a whole household. Oh, by-the-bye, Richards, Esther sent you an invitation to come down and enjoy yourself! Nothing else on hand have you? No? Then of course you'll accept. It will be a good chance for you. Almost a dozen girls, Esther says, and everyone either a beauty or an heiress."

"What, are you married?" Elmer inquires.

"No, but engaged, and that amounts to about the same thing," Jerry replies. "Bessie Townsend—don't you remember her? Well, she's there, too. But say, you haven't told me whether you are coming or not."

"Yes, I will come."

"Soon as possible, mind," says Jerry. "Esther will be looking for you. Au revoir!"

He goes out, and a few moments later Elmer, looking out of the window, sees his tall form striding up the street with the same careless, swinging gait he remembers of old.

A few days later, Elmer Richards enters the train en route for the Ivors' country residence. That evening he makes a faultless toilet, and descends to the lighted rooms.

Esther presents him to the other guests, and soon he is engaged in a lively conversation with Jerry's betrothed, Bessie Townsend. Then Esther comes and carries him off to the conservatory. As they enter, a recumbent figure rises, and in the dim light Elmer sees the yellow flash of jewels.

"Are you here?" cries Esther, "Miss Irving, Mr. Richards."

The figure takes a step forward, and a ray of light, streaming through the half-open door, falls upon her face, the brilliant face and lustrous black orbs of Beatrice Irving.

Beatrice is a charming conversationalist, and Elmer thinks it is infinitely more agreeable to pass the time with her in the dimly-lit conservatory than to chatter with this one and that in the illuminated room beyond.

At last they arise, and join the company. As they emerge into the light, Elmer glances at his companion; she looks wonderfully fascinating to-night.

The summer days pass quickly by, and some of Esther's guests take their departure. Beatrice Irving and Elmer Richards are among the last that linger; it has been a blissful summer for him, one he will never forget.

One morning Beatrice announces her intention of returning to her own home on the morrow, and that day Elmer determines to know his fate.

During the evening, he requests her to walk with him in the garden, and she complies; perhaps she has an intuition of what is coming.

A few commonplace remarks pass between them; then Elmer Richards begins his passionate declaration of love, and Beatrice listens with clasped hands and downcast eyes.

As he ceases speaking, he ventures to glance into her half-averted face. It wears a fierce, triumphant expression, a strange look that one would not expect a girl to wear when listening to a lover's pleadings.

She turned and faces him, and in the moonlight he can see the yellow lights in her eyes flame like those irradiating from her jewels.

"Mr. Richards," she says, calmly, "I can never be your wife!"

He draws back, and his face grows white. He is not prepared for this. He had expected a doubtful, wavering answer, a few months' probation, perhaps, but this cold, flat refusal, never!

"Then why have you led me on all these weeks?" he asks, hoarsely. "Are you heartless, that you can so trample on a man's heart? Are you a coquette, a jilt? Oh, Beatrice, I cannot believe it. Tell me you love me."

"No, I do not," she replies, firmly. "Listen, Mr. Richards. Five years ago there lived a young girl, a bright, happy girl whom all that knew her loved.

"One day a stranger came to the village, and—well, Elmer Richards, you know the story; it is needless for me to repeat it; you know of whom I am speaking—little Millie Irving.

"Where is she now? Who ruined her life, and broke her heart? You, Elmer Richards! Ah, you start and turn pale, and well you may, for you know you are guilty. At her death-bed I made a vow that if you ever crossed my path I would have my revenge. She was my sister."

"Your sister?" Elmer echoes.

"Yes. Did she never speak of me to you?" Beatrice says.

"Yes, yes," Elmer replies; "but she called you——"

"Tress," interrupts the girl. "Yes, that was her pet name for me."

There is a long silence; then Elmer raises his white, haggard face.

"Beatrice," he says, "I meant no harm to your young sister. I did not dream of such a sad ending. I was young then, young and foolish. Can you forgive me? Will you——"

But she interrupts him with a mocking laugh, and turning, flits down the garden path.

He sees her amber robe fluttering in the moonlight, and her jewels flash forth tiny flames of fire; then she is gone, and he is alone with his sorrow and despair.

They do not meet again, and the next day Beatrice bids her hostess farewell, and returns to the city.

One year later, Elmer Richards goes to a second charity fair. He has been persuaded much against his will, however, to attend, and now he saunters arm in arm with a friend, paying little attention to the gay scenes around him; they fail to interest and amuse him as they once did.

Before a stand of flowers he pauses, and memory carries him back to the time when two white hands fashioned for him a fragrant bouquet, and two bright eyes flashed up into his. He hears the rustling of garments, and looking up, sees Beatrice Irving stand before him. She is attired in her favorite color, amber, and wears the old gleaming jewels.

Their eyes meet, and the yellow light in hers burns brighter. She leans over the counter, and her jews flush in the gaslight.

"A bouquet, sir?" she asks, with a mocking smile.

The Parson's Wife.

BY KATHARINE MORTIMER.

NO GOOD'LL ever come of it, now, mind what I tell you! The idea of a sober, respectable man of forty marrying a snip of a girl like that! But it seems to me that the longer I live the more convinced I am that men are awful fools when it comes to love. Whenever they get 'struck,' as my nephew calls it, it appears to knock all the sense out of 'im that they ever did have." And Mrs. Hezekiah Winters settled her spectacles firmly on her nose, as though she meant they should always stay there, and then pushed her needle energetically through her sewing.

You see, Mrs. Hezekiah Winters was a prominent member of the missionary society.

"I agree with you entirely," said Mrs. Anthony Evans, a meek-faced woman who seldom had an opinion of her own, but always agreed with somebody.

"And he being a preacher of the gospel, too," put in Miss Sophrona Dobbs.

"I don't know what the world is coming to, I am sure," said Mrs. Eben Rickfield; and there was a general sigh of dissatisfaction from all the members of the missionary society.

"Now I don't think it looks very well to see the whole society drop down on one little person like Imogene'" interrupted Mrs Arthur Wilton, who had not been a member of the missionary circle very long. "Would that clergymen could have two wives, so we might divide the blame."

The ladies looked bewildered, and some of them laughed a little; then they launched into a discussion on the coming picnic.

It was to be the regulation kind of a picnic for the ladies and children only, and they were to have such nice sandwiches, boned chicken, and lemonade, and so forth.

When the day of the picnic arrived, Mrs. Merton, the much talked of parson's wife, went. People had said that they "didn't think Mrs. Merton would go, as the church was at the bottom of it," and when they saw her there they said it was "just like a frivolous thing like her to go to every picnic."

Nevertheless, church people at Llewellyn were like church people everywhere; they said a good deal that they didn't mean, and, with a few exceptions, blue-eyed, fair-faced Mrs Merton was very cordially treated, and her friends, when she made them, were very true to her, and always defended her when she ran the gauntlet of society's tongue.

The picnic seemed a success generally; everybody enjoyed his or herself so much; and the gnats and flies had voted picnics a beautiful invention, and were singing anthems of praise at the prospect of a hearty meal, when suddenly there was a splash and suffocating cries, and two little forms disappeared under the surface of the stream that would like a huge serpent through the woods.

There were shrill screams of genuine terror, and white faces stared at the rush of waters in an agony, as the awful peril of the children seemed to paralyze them. Mrs. Evans, whose little, dark-haired boy had loosened the small boat from its fastening to take Vinnie Merton for a sail, had, while rocking it, rocked too far, and tipped it over; and now, while her boy was almost drowning, was lying helpless on the bank of the river. Some were beginning to recover their self-possession and were calling for ropes, when Mrs. Merton, stepping, out of her slippers, poised herself a moment on the bank; then the slender figure, clad in a wonderful array of Swiss muslin and pale blue ribbons, drooped like an arrow into the water, and struck out with the move of an expert to where little Elmer Evans was battling with the current, and holding him so that his head was above water, swam easily to the shore, where many hands lifted him to the bank; and then swimming back to her rebellious little step-daughter, she carried her, half suffocated with waves, back to land.

After that day Mrs. Merton had many friends; for you can always reach a mother's heart through her children, and every woman seems a mother to any child in the hour of danger.

"She was brave and self-possessed, and she saved my Elmer, and I don't mean ever to say another word against her."

That was what Mrs. Evans said at the next missionary meeting, and as she seldom expressed an opinion for herself, the ladies for the most part agreed with her, except Mrs. Hezekiah Winters, who said:

"Well, I don't know—she may be all right; but a woman who could entrap a man of forty, and he a parson, kind of looks to me as though she was a flirt."

And Miss Sophrona Dobbs nodded her false frizzes emphatically as she said: "I agree with you, Mrs. Winters. We mustn't all be taken in by one good act."

Well, to tell the truth, folks did, generally speaking, keep an eye on her; but everything seemed satisfactory.

She did nothing that scandalized their ideas of propriety, and they had almost made up their minds that with proper advice she might do for a parson's wife, after all.

But the town of Llewellyn was visited one day by a traveling theatre troupe, and everybody was going to see who it wasn't a pillar in the church, and "wouldn't encourage no such institution of Satan."

The day the troupe arrived, Mrs. Winters was at home, lone, and the faint sound of distant music was arousing to utterance the grief she had kept buried so long.

"I'll just go to the missionary circle and forget my sorrow by listening to something or other."

And away trudged Mrs. Winters to Mrs. Rickfield's, whose turn it was to accommodate the society.

Everybody was busy and gossippy, and Mrs. Winters was listening to the report of the bad behavior of the girl of the period when Miss Araminthia White came bustling in.

"Lor' me, ladies, have you heard?" and without waiting for answer, she continued, "Oh, the dreadful, awful actions of Imogene Merton! Sarah Halcomb, that lives next door, seen it with her own eyes, and she told me all about it. And poor, dear Mr. Merton away on church business!"

"What is it?" "Do tell?" "Proceed, Araminthia, and explain," were the words from all sides.

"Well, to begin with, my feelings is awfully riled; but you all know that these theatre fellers came to-day.

"Well, one of 'em—I know he was one because he got off the train with them—came to Mrs. Merton's to-day, and she was a settin' in that room of hers with them windows that swings out, and he, instead of going to the front door or ringing the bell like a man, why, when he saw her a sittin' in that room, with her back to the window, he just slipped up sly and sneakin' like and stepped in through the window, and then jumped fair across the room, and such embracin's an' kissin' was never seen in a parson's before! Now, ladies, I know this is so, 'cause Sarah Halcomb told it for a solemn truth, and that ain't the worst of it. After he had stayed an hour or so he went to the hotel and got another fellar, and them two walked straight to the parson's house, and she opened the door, dressed up fit to kill.

"Now, I say it's the duty of every member of this missionary society to look into this matter. The parson is gone, and we have got the respectability of the church to sustain. We should go immediately and hear what that dreadful creature has to say for herself."

"Lor' me! Who'd have thought it? The most scandalous thing I ever heard!"

"Maybe there is some mistake," put in Mrs. Evans, who hain't forgotten the brave swimmer of the day of the picnic.

It was a solemn-visaged group that filed into the parson's sitting-room.

Mrs. Hezekiah was to be chief spokeswoman, as she generally was on all church occasions.

Mrs. Merton greeted them, her face all smiles.

"I had just sent for you; Mrs. Winters; I have such a pleasant surprise for you!" and she actually kissed the old lady's withered cheek, while Miss Sophrona Dobbs muttered "Judas!" under her breath.

"Just come in here while I talk to the ladies."

And Mrs. Winters followed, her withered face white with indignation.

Suddenly there was a strange, glad cry from the wrathy lady, and in answer to the words, "Eddie, my boy!" someone said, "Mother!"

Then Mrs. Merton went back to explain matters to the astonished ladies.

"My brother came to-day, and in his traveling he came by chance upon Edgar Winters. Edgar is traveling with the theatre troupe that is here, and they being friends, Luke brought Edgar here, and I sent for Mrs. Winters, but she came before my note reached her."

The ladies now began to feel ashamed, but they were generous.

Miss Araminthia said, "If I'm the bearer of scandal again, it shan't be about you, Mrs. Merton."

All hardness seemed melted out of Mrs. Winter's nature as she returned to the sitting-room.

"I want you to forgive me if you can, Mrs. Merton. I came here to-day to denounce you, and on circumstantial evidence only; but I'll be your friend in the future, remember that."

The ladies by turns apologized for having troubled her so much.

"Oh, I am getting used to being a parson's wife, and I don't mind such things, you know."

Perhaps this last remark was ungracious; but it was true to her, and thereafter the parson's wife was not made the subject of ill-natured gossips.

A FRENCHMAN made a singular attempt at suicide lately. He procured an earthen jar, filled it with powder and arranged a fuse, and awaited his scattering to the four winds of heaven. The explosion took place, but he was not blown to fragments. He was simply bounced, and after the extraction of a few pieces of earthenware by the doctors, he was placed again in good condition.

WHY is a certain kind of window called a bay-window? Because people go there when they look out to sea.

Our Young Folks.

THREE CATS' TALES.

BY HERO VANE.

MY domestic pets having been mostly limited to the "harmless, necessary cat," I have formed, in the course of my life, a rather extensive acquaintance with that species.

My pets, in their various degrees, have been very dear to me, and, I regret to say, they have also been rather numerous.

It has never been my fate to watch over the declining years of a faithful tabby, and to lay him with tears in an honored grave, at the ripe age of fifteen or sixteen years.

I certainly have laid them tearfully in graves, but alas! untimely ones.

Consumption carried off one, too much indulgence in a diet of black beetles was fatal to another, while two of my nearest and dearest favorites can only be accounted for under the head of "mysteriously left his home."

Though entreated—through the medium of hand bills and a reward—to return to their distracted friends, they never did.

These two cats remain to me ever young, ever beautiful; they were both in their prime, and they live in my memory with eyes undimmed, and fur unthinned by the hand of time.

However, I do not write these lines to reopen my own old wounds, but rather to honor the memory of my departed pets.

Let me set down their authentic anecdotes, which I think do credit to the heads and hearts of the feline race.

The first was related to me by a friend.

Its hero still lives, an old and valued member of the family—black, fat, stately, and rejoicing in the name of Tony.

His master and mistress were about to leave home for a short time, and took the opportunity to give a holiday to the establishment generally, shutting up the house, and sending Mr. Tony to board at a farmhouse at some distance from the town. As he was being comfortably packed in his hamper previous to the journey, his mistress consoled him by constantly repeating, "Only a fortnight, Tony; we shall be home this day fortnight; we shall see you again in one fortnight."

During these two weeks Tony took his country outing with great composure, lead an exemplary and regular life, keeping the early hours requisite in a farmhouse, and exhibiting no restlessness or disquietude until the fortnight had expired, and on the next day his family were expected home. The domestic staff were to be at their post on the evening previous, the fourteenth day of Tony's exile; but there arose such a storm of thunder and lightning, hail, wind, and rain, that the servants could not make their way home that night.

On arriving early next morning, to their astonishment they found Mr. Tony waiting on the doorstep to be let in. He, at least, had been faithful to his appointment, and no storm, however furious, had prevented him from presenting himself at home, at once an example and a reproach, on "that day fortnight."

Puss No. 2 was named Kitty, or rather Mrs. Kitty, for she was a matron who had brought up several young families with credit and success.

Her mistress, a young lady, had a dangerous illness, so that her life was for a time despaired of. The cat pined greatly after her kind friend and companion, and made many vain attempts to enter the sick-room. The disease, however, fortunately took a good turn, and one of the first reviving interests of the invalid was concerning her pet.

Kitty was brought into the room, put upon the bed, and stroked by the thin, white hand. After a very short greeting, however, Mrs. Kitty disappointed her mistress by jumping off the bed and hastening out of the room—but only to return shortly with a little field mouse, which she placed triumphantly on the counterpane

With many thanks, however, the mouse was declined. Kitty, though evidently disappointed, was not offended, and, being a family woman, knew how to make allowance for the capricious appetite of an invalid. She had an instinct for good nursing, and was quite aware how important it is to tempt the sick appetite by an unexpected delicacy; so, without saying a word, she again withdrew, and returned with a nice palpitating frog, fresh from the garden, which she deposited on the pillow. Need I say the patient recovered rapidly from that hour?

The third tale I have to celebrate is connected with my first, my dearest, though, alas! not my only love. His name was Dick—simply Dick—and I loved him with all the enthusiasm of youth and a first attachment. But I am wandering, and forgetting my tale, or rather Dick's.

During his youth we had for a short time—for the only time—a little spaniel dog as a member of our household. She belonged to a cook whom we engaged, and who had seen "better days," of which days Lassie was the sole relic, and was, therefore, kindly entertained on sufferance.

Lassie was a sweet dog, gentle and affectionate, but with a certain stiffness of joint and amplitude of person consequent on her matronly age; for, though her name remained Lassie, she had long passed the period when such a title could, by the utmost stretch of politeness, be considered appropriate. She had, indeed, numbered some ten or twelve summers, and possessed also a stately dignity, which was probably due to the remembrance of the "better days" before mentioned.

Now Dick, being young and skittish, was rather a thorn in the side of this elderly lady, and disturbed the even current of her existence by jumping out upon her from dark corners, lurking on the stairs when she was sailing or perhaps waddling past, in order to salute her with a pat on the head through the railings. These silly childish tricks bored poor old Lassie a good deal; though, on the whole, she made allowances; and probably remembering she had been young once, contented herself with an occasional growl of remonstrance.

At the end of a year or two, however (a year is an age in cat and dog life), the cook, through weak health, was obliged to leave, and Lassie to our grief, departed with her. Dick pined after his companion a good deal, finding even crickets but a poor consolation. And I am sure Lassie must have missed the liveliness, and even the teasing, of her young friend, and have grown quite elderly upon a course of dignified quietude and undisturbed brooding over past days.

After some weeks had passed we received a call from cook and Lassie. The latter was received with acclamations by us young people, and we were very curious to see the meeting between the four-legged companions. Dick was fetched; but we were a little disappointed, for, though sufficiently cordial, he still kept his feelings well under control, and after the reunited friends had sniffed a little at each other (sniffed literally, and not as some human friends are apt to do when they meet), Dick left the room.

It was Saturday, when a double allowance of cat's meat was taken, half being reserved for the next day. In a few minutes the hospitable Dick returned, bearing in his mouth his Sunday dinner, which he laid at his lady's feet, and, withdrawing a little space stood purring with tail erect while his fair friend, I regret to say, gobbled it up without offering any one else a morsel. It wasn't lady-like of Lassie, I must confess, and not what I should have expected of "better days;" but I gloried in the conviction that my boy, in spite of some youthful follies, had proved himself a true gentleman.

I need scarcely add, in spite of his generosity, he didn't go dinnerless on Sunday.

Alas, my poor Dick! He died young, or at least in his early prime, and I never quite knew why he did die.

I was away from home when it happened and returned after a short absence on Saturday night. My first inquiry, on entering the house, was for Dick, and it was with the greatest reluctance that I allowed myself to go to bed without a greeting from my pet.

The next morning, before I left my pillow the sad news was broken to me by a tender mother, and though many a long year has since passed, I shall never forget my anguish.

I burst into torrents of tears, which deluged me as I dressed. I wept during breakfast (breakfast—what a farce it was!), during the whole of the morning service, still through dinner (another farce!), with some abatement during evening prayers, till, when at last I went to bed—the natural place for a decently reticent nature to tackle with its griefs, and give full vent to its tears I hadn't one single tear left! Never was any person so completely wept dry.

Nevertheless, I feel a drop ready to start at this moment, as memory clearly reproduces before me my pretty Dick, with his blue eyes, his hair—seemingly neatly parted over his snowy brow—his gay spirits, and gentle, coaxing ways.

And I can even pity my own youthful agony, when I found all these charms suddenly, mysteriously, irrevocably snatched away from me—my hearth, my lap, my young affections, left a dreary blank!

Well, I dare say it is foolish, and I suppose I am old enough to know better—and yet—and yet—I am glad, for more reasons than one, that I have never forgotten Dick!

EARLY AND ONLY.—A vicar of the Church of England tells the following story of a singular marriage in his church recently:—"Forty years ago a young man named Thomas Griggs, was 'engaged' to Elizabeth Goodyear, but, alas! a debilitating disease overtook the bride-elect, which so completely prostrated her that she took to her bed and kept it for eight-and-thirty years! During this long period of time, assisted by the guardians, and by the small funds at her disposal, she maintained herself by needle and fancy work. During thirteen years and upwards I myself knew her in this condition, and never saw her off her bed. In the meanwhile Thomas Griggs waited patiently for the recovery of Elizabeth, but in 1885, despairing of this, he led another young woman to Elizabeth's bedside, and received from her full permission to marry this fresh acquaintance. Thomas forthwith married, but after five years of wedded life he became and remained a widower until this very day, when Elizabeth Goodyear, restored to health, walked into the parish church, and was duly married by me to her old sweetheart. I cannot explain the nature of her prostration, nor her wonderful recovery; but I do know this, that a few months back she became conscious of a slight return of strength, that from feeble efforts to leave her bed and struggle across the room she gained power to pass her door, that the old subject of matrimony was revived by Thomas Griggs, that Elizabeth was willing, that banns were published, and that she is now the wife of her early and only love."

A RHODE ISLAND justice refused to marry a man named Carr to a lady of the same name, on the ground that he was afraid to couple cars.

THE FORK OF DEATH.

In a witty and curious little volume, published in 1857, some entertaining portraits are given of eccentric guests celebrated at Parisian cafés. One of the most famous of these was Gourier, commonly called "The Fork of Death," who invited a victim to dine with him by the year and slew him with high feeding. The first died of apoplexy after a six months' combat; the second held his own for two years, and then succumbed to a liver complaint, "three days after." A third champion then descended into the arena, a long, lean man named Ameline, who said as his invariable grace when sitting down to table with his host, "You old rascal, I'm going to bury you!" while the host gently replied by way of "Amen! Nonsense. The other two said the same thing." The crafty Ameline, however, took occasion to pick a quarrel monthly with him, and retiring sulkily to his tent dieted himself on tea, toast and senna, returning to the encounter mollified and refreshed after an absence of two or three days, during which Gourier lost still more ground by eating rapidly and injuring his digestion by solitary and gloomy reflections. One day, after this duel had lasted three years, Gourier, who had just helped himself to a fourteenth slice of four-year-old Welsh mutton, threw his head back. His companions, thinking he was about to sneeze, muttered the customary benediction but Gourier fell forward into the current jelly, dead as the mutton he so dearly loved. He who had taken the fork had perished by the fork. He should have imitated the prudent diner who always had two dozen saucers piled at his left when he sat down to table, and wore one between his collar and the nape of his neck throughout the repast, changing it as it became warm, as a preventive against apoplexy.

There was a good deal of monotony and variety about the bi-monthly repast of the eccentric who used to go conscientiously through the 35 or 40 soups on the bill of fare and topping off with a cream meringue. Another much pointed-out diner distinguishing himself by his devotion to sweets—a plump and rosy little old gentleman, who had carried the Princess Lamballe's head round Paris on a pike in his salad days. Handel, who ordered the dinner for four and, arriving alone, bade it be brought in "brestissimo—I am de gompany," was outdoné by the man of an unbounded stomach who used to visit Vachette's every fortnight and call for the proprietor, Brebant, and give the following order: "My dear Brebant, I shall have six friends to dinner tomorrow (mentioning their names). All experienced diners, you see! Get us up a nice little dinner—70 francs a head, without wine. I have told them to be punctual." At 5.45 the host arrives, inspects the table, writes out the names of the diners and places their cards at their plates, arranges the relishes according to the taste of each, then takes out his watch. "Ah, 6 o'clock and no one here." Brebant—"Perhaps you are fast?" "No, I always keep post-office time, and I told them 6 to the minute. I'll give them a lesson. Have dinner served!" Brebant—"But they may have been unaccountably delayed." "Well, I'll give them five minutes grace." After watching for them in vain—"Put on the dinner; they can overtake me." Then he fell to and devoured the dinner for seven indulging in a monologue for the benefit of the waiter, "Why on earth did all those scoundrels fail to keep their appointments? Ah, by Jove, A. always dines to-day with his wife's mother—I never thought of that. But B? I suppose he has had an attack of his enemy, the gout. And C—oh, the rascal, has met a pretty woman on the way, I could bet on it; he will never learn wisdom if he lives to be as old as Methusaleh. (Having found excuses for all) But, hang it, a gentleman would send three lines to say he couldn't come." Coffee being served, he sends for Brebant and says, with a triumphant smile: "You see, if I had taken your advice I'd be waiting for them still. I'll invite them again two weeks from now, and see if they will be more punctual." And two weeks later, the same comedy having been performed with due solemnity, the diner reiterates his determination with indignant vehemence: "Hang them, I'll ask them again! I want to see how far they will carry their brutal lack of politeness!"

THE COMET'S FATE.—A beautiful girl, known by the nickname of "La Comete," flashed through the Parisian world during the last year of the second empire. She was called "Comet" on account of the exceeding length and loveliness of her golden hair. Theophile Gautier wrote a sonnet to her, Cabanel painted her portrait, Worth dressed her, and Leon Cugnot took her as the model of his pretty statue, "La Saignante." Her real name was Adele Terchout, and just before the Franco-German war broke out she declined an offer of marriage from an elderly duke, with a very ancient escutcheon. At that time she owned one of the finest mansions in the Champs Elysees, had twelve horses in her stable and a bushel of diamonds in her dressing-case. Lately, this dazzling creature died in a Parisian hospital absolutely destitute; and the disease which carried her off was the most hideous that could befall a pretty woman—a cancer in the face, which totally disfigured her. The only vestige left of her beauty when she died was her matchless hair, which measured nearly five feet.

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NEW MOTOR.—"L'Etincelle" or Spark, is the name given to a new petroleum motor invented by two Frenchmen. It is like an ordinary steam-engine. A hydrocarbon vapor is injected into the cylinder, and there ignited by a spark from the small dynamo-machine. The explosion of the gas drives forward the piston, and the same process at the other end drives it back. The consumption of petroleum of which the vapor is produced is said to be very small.

GLASS.—Glass is being worked into a number of new forms at works in France and Germany. Plain white and silver plates have been produced, weighing as much as 1,000 pounds, and some of the mirrors for the new Grand Opera House at Paris are from forty-five to fifty-two feet in length. Glass tiles for roofing are also made in imitation of clay, and are moulded in such forms that they can be laid side by side, and make tight-fitting joints without the use of cement or mortar. Flags or slabs of rough-cast glass are produced in large quantities for floors, pavements and carriage-ways.

NEW CARRIAGES.—It is well known that a newly-varnished carriage is liable to spot. To prevent this somewhat wash the carriage three or four times in clean cold water, applied with a sponge instead of using a hose; this will help to harden the surface and then wash off, expecting to see no spots on the varnish. You will certainly be disappointed, and the only way to remedy the evil will be to have it re-varnished. Soft water is better than hard water for the washing of carriages, as the lime which is in the hard water is very liable to injure the varnish.

ARTIFICIAL DIAMONDS.—The latest exploit in diamond-making is that described by an English scientist in the proceedings of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. He heated charcoal of sugar mixed with silver during ten hours, then cooled them slowly, and dissolving out the silver with nitric acid, found carbon in three forms, graphite, brown, sooty material—probably carbide of silver—and small octahedral crystals, hard enough to scratch glass, quarts and sapphire. The microscope displayed two varieties of these crystals, one dark-colored, the other transparent. He believes that by using sufficient quantity of material he will be able to produce diamonds large enough for rock-boring. If so, jewelry may be expected to follow in due course, and diamond factories working with tons of sugar and silver.

Farm and Garden.

HOUSE PLANTS.—The florist sprinkles his plants, throws water on the walks, and in every way strives to attain a moist atmosphere. We cannot do this in private houses, but by placing a pail of water on the stove we can very nearly approach the florist's method.

GUINEA-HENS.—The shrill, sharp shriek which guinea-fowls keep up so constantly during the day, and often into the night, renders them objectionable to many fanciers; yet they are very useful upon isolated poultry-farms, which hen-hawks incline to visit, their noisy challenge proving a thorough "scarecrow" for this sort of chicken enemy.

WOODWORK.—Woodwork that must be left exposed, will be greatly benefited by a frequent application of paint, or simply a coat of painting-oil, and filling up all sun cracks just as soon as formed, with such oil. The use of crude petroleum tends to the preservation of wood, and may be applied to all unpainted woodwork of implements. Metal surfaces are saved from rust by a thin coat of lard which has been melted with rosin, the size of a walnut to a pint of lard, more or less. This forms a sort of varnish that sheds water and dew.

GREASE AND INSECTS.—Grease is fatal to all insect life. Insects breathe by means of small pores on their sides. Grease or oil that comes in contact with the insects closes the pores and stops the breathing. Mercurial ointment kills as much by the lard in it as by the mercury—that is, so far as the vermin is concerned, but not as to the animals that lick it off from their bodies; so that almost any oily or greasy application will be destructive to the insect vermin that infest animals, if it is applied where it will do the most good.

THE FROST.—Few fully appreciate how much a freezing of the ground does to set at liberty the plant-food which is locked up in almost all soils. The smallest particles of soil, which are in fact only minute bits of rock, as the microscope will show, if frozen while moist are broken still finer. This will go on all winter in every part of the field or garden reached by the frost; and as most soils contain more or less elements that all growing plants or crops need, a good freezing is equivalent to adding manures or fertilizers. Hence it is desirable to expose as much of the soil as possible to frost action.

CONSTITUTIONAL skin diseases of a scorbutic character are successfully treated with Dr. Benson's Skin Cure, internal and external treatment, both pleasant. It certainly removes scrofula, eruptions, dandruff and tan, and makes the skin smooth and healthy.

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Presenting the Bride!

meets with unqualified praise, as we expected and it deserves, from all who have seen it. It certainly should give satisfaction for it is emphatically the BEST, HANDSOMEST and MOST VALUABLE PREMIUM EVER OFFERED. The illustration in our last number is calculated to mislead, as its appearance alongside of the original is quite disappointing. We said last week, the illustration was one-fifth the size of the Photo-Oleograph; it was really one-eighth size only.

Just think of it, dear reader—a $34 Photo-Oleograph and THE POST one year for $2. In estimating the value of this superb picture, don't compare it in your mind with any chromo you have ever seen. We say to you, emphatically, such a work of art as this was never before offered as a Premium Gift by any publishers in the world.

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SATURDAY EVENING, JAN. 7, 1882.

Table of Contents.

SERIALS—A SHADOWED LOVE," "ARDEN COURT," "THAT LITTLE SQUARE BOX," and "A WOMAN'S FAITH."
SHORT STORIES.
LADIES' DEPARTMENT—Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.
NEW PUBLICATIONS.
FACETIÆ.
BRIC-A-BRAC.
SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.
FARM AND GARDEN.
HUMOROUS.
GRAINS OF GOLD.
FEMININITIES.
FACETIÆ.
OUR YOUNG FOLKS.
EDITORIALS.
SANCTUM CHAT.
CORRESPONDENCE.
NEWS ITEMS, MISCELLANY and POETRY.

THE NEW YEAR.

It is a proverb which the experience of centuries proves true, that if a thing be well begun, it is half done. This is not to be applied alone to material matters, but also to mental and moral. It holds good with equal effect in these respects, that if we start out properly, much of an intended result is achieved.

Taking this view only, it would be the part of wisdom to consider certain questions fairly. We are standing on the threshold of another year—one more milestone on the road to eternity lies behind us—and if we would gain knowledge for the future from experience of the past, there is no better time to begin than now.

Our lives twining round the years gone by, are thick grown either with flowers or weeds, as the case may be. The one represents our good works, the other our lack of them. Both can be made guiding-posts and land-marks for the time to come. And well will it be for those who receive their teachings, and start out anew with the youthful year, determined to walk it as right would mark out. In the shadows of the earth's last December we shall see, there will rise a perfume from the good we have sown that will not die in Heaven.

Man is so much the creature of habit, that resolutions formed for a certain reason, and from a certain point, have always the greatest strength. Those tendencies towards good which spontaneously arise in the mind float aimlessly and without anchor towards neglect, while others connected with a time maintain a steadier course. To a certain extent they partake of the solemnity of a ceremony, and seem more of an obligation. Thus, regarded in a worldly light alone, New Year's should certainly be the occasion of preparing ourselves for the duties of existence. It is a heading in the great ledger of life to which we can always refer with ease, and learn how our account stands with Time.

To wish earnestly, often implies the power to perform. This is merely to repeat that little, or nothing, can resist well-directed effort. And what we build firmly, we know we may safely rest upon to strive for higher efforts. To begin, then, the New Year well, is a step in the right direction. At first we may journey on only through force of will, but ere long we may find that what at first seemed rough or forbidden paths, are in reality gentle ways, where everything is pleasant not only to the body's sense, but also to the soul's.

SANCTUM CHAT.

TELEPHONIC "at homes" are the last fashionable affair in Paris, some grand lady inviting friends to her drawing-room to listen to a performance going on at a great theatre which has been telephonically connected with her house.

—

ONE of the editors of a prominent Liverpool paper asserts very positively that the worst case of small-pox can be cured in three days simply by the use of cream of tartar dissolved in one pint of hot water, drank at intervals when cold. He says it has cured many of his friends and acquaintances, never leaves a mark, never causes blindness, and avoids serious lingering.

—

THE task of procuring an education under the public school system of New Mexico is beset with difficulties to which Eastern pupils are not subjected. The School Commissioners in that section seem unable or disinclined to furnish fuel to keep the children warm during the cold weather, and so the boys are required to carry wood on their backs to school in the morning, and those who fail to do so are subjected to discipline.

—

SOME of the gentlemen who are wise in ecclesiastical arithmetic have summed up what has been done toward converting the world, and comparing it with what is yet to be done. They have concluded that by commissioning men enough as missionaries and providing them with money enough to do the work, the whole world can be converted by the close of this century. Some of their estimates are a little inclined to be wild.

—

BAGS instead of plates have been introduced in many parishes in England to receive the offerings of the congregations. The amount of the contributions has consequently fallen off, copper coins taking the place of silver and gold. A few Sundays ago a Liverpool clergyman preached upon the subject, taking for his text the words, "Alexander the coppersmith hath done me much harm." The sermon had a good effect, the contribution at its close being much larger than usual.

—

THE danger often attending the bite of a seemingly innocent animal is forcibly shown in a case recently reported in California. A man was bitten by a rabbit, and nearly died in consequence. His physician, hardly believing that all the trouble proceeded from the bite, which was a mere scratch, carefully examined the upper jaws of several rabbits, and found in each a hollow tooth containing a fluid so deadly that two drops of it, administered hypodermically, caused the death of a lamb within an hour.

—

ONE of the chief hindrances to telegraphing in Japan is the grounding of the current by spider-lines. The trees bordering the highways swarm with spiders, which spin their webs everywhere between the earth, wires, posts, insulators and trees. When the spider-webs are covered with heavy dews they become conductors and run the messages to earth. The only way to remove the difficulty is by employing men to sweep the wires with brushes of bamboo; but as the spiders are more numerous and persistent than the brush-users, the difficulty remains always a serious one.

—

THE mission of the noble St. Bernard dog is said to be approaching an end. His first and always greatest use has been to rescue poor foot travelers who might lose themselves in crossing over St. Gothard. In a few months the beneficent and time-honored hospice on that mountain will be closed. The railway under the gigantic Alps will draw all wanderers away from the mountain road, for the poorest peddler pursuing his little commerce between Italy and Switzerland, and the most destitute searcher after employment far from home, will rather pay his small railway fare than risk the avalanche and the weary walk. So ends a great charity—one of the most beautiful, brave, and self-sacrificing which the world has ever seen.

—

A MONKEY witness is shortly to appear in a murder trial in an Indian court at Sattara. A traveling showman, whose living depended on five monkeys and a goat, was recently murdered near a village, his troupe being killed with the exception of one monkey, which ran up a tree and watched the assassins bury his master and his companions. When all was quiet the monkey ran off to the burgess of the nearest village and made him understand by screeches and signs that something was wrong. The burgess followed the monkey, which led him to the place where his master was buried, and the murder was duly discovered. The monkey is now kept for the identification of the assassins, a plan which recalls the time-honored history of the dog of Montargis.

—

THERE is no end to the strange trades of modern life. One of the oddest is surely that of the obscure and ingenious individual whom for want of recognized professional title we may call the caterer in newspaper cuttings. The caterer's business is to collect all the notices of pictures which appear in all the London and provincial papers, to cut them up, and to travel round with the snips to the different artists they concern, who are invited to buy for the modest sum of 12 cents a snip. If the beginner has a proper interest in seeing his or her name in print, the sympathizing agent for "artistic correspondence" will persuade him to a standing order, and for a small yearly sum he will become possessed of all the pleasant or unpleasant nothings which concern him in the press.

—

THE breakfast we take in winter will determine our efficiency for work in the day, and will so influence our whole being for that period of time that no after meal can correct it. The breakfast in winter must contain more nitrogenous food than in summer; it is absolutely needed. You must store heat to furnish material for absorption and for maintaining vitality; add to this nitrogenous food something that will disengage heat from the blood and keep up temperature, and you may defy the coldest day. Your face may feel it, your hands may feel it, but your body will be impervious to it, and go on disengaging that inward heat which can alone stand against the lowered temperature without. If this first meal has been properly attended to we may presume that vital action can be maintained in full force for five hours at least before it needs replenishing.

—

CARDINAL NEWMAN does not approve of the current fashion for writing the lives of men while they are living—at any rate, so far as his own life is concerned. When it was recently announced that an English firm had arranged for a biography of him, he promptly caused it to be made known over his own name that the work was not approved by him—that, in fact, he had declined to read the proof sheets, when asked to do so, saying "the time for a biography of him had not come."

—

THE visit of Moody and Sankey to Great Britain does not appear yet to have caused anything like the interest which marked the one of six years ago. Indeed there are signs that from contrast with that visit its result may be a very indifferent success. Efforts have been made at Glasgow to obtain an invitation for them to preach and sing there, which all the well-known ministers of town should sign, but not a few ministers of various denominations have refused to permit the use of their names. Their reasons are that they do not look upon the class of meetings held under the auspices of these gentlemen as likely to do much permanent good. Ugly rumors affecting the personal motives of the evangelists in conducting their meetings have already got into public print in England.

—

AN interesting discussion is now going on in an English scientific journal upon the question whether the heads of Englishmen have grown smaller within the past twenty-five or thirty years. Evidence has been obtained from the hatters which shows, apparently beyond doubt, that the hats worn at present average one size smaller than those worn a generation ago. The attempts made to explain this by a change in the style of hats, and in the manner of wearing the hat and the hair, appear to be unsatisfactory, and some have thrown the blame upon the disregard of physiological laws entailed by modern fashions, especially among women. In connection with the discussion the appended list of the sizes of hats worn by some famous men is given. Lord Chelmsford, 6⅞ full; Dean Stanley, 6¾; Lord Beaconsfield, 7; the Prince of Wales, 7 full; Charles Dickens, 7⅛, Lord Selborne, 7⅛; John Bright, 7⅛; Earl Russell, 7⅛; Lord Macauley, 7⅛; Mr. Gladstone, 7⅛; Louis Philippe, 7⅛; the Archbishop of York, 8 full.

—

AT present on the upper left hand corners of softly-tinted correspondence cards and sheets of note paper series of ludicrous figures are introduced in colors, with sunflowers and all complete, and with corresponding quotations, such as, "In a rapt ecstacy way," "You hold yourself like this," "Consummately utter," etc. Unconnected with literary selections are presented besides a brilliant multitude of art designs, usually appearing in relief, and with the richest colors and metallic lustres. Little brown birds are posed on telegraph poles and wires, the design not being duplicated in the same set, but on another shape may appear, perhaps, a flight of birds in blue and gold. Chanticleer may elsewhere salute the rising sun, while the bat flit duskily across the ivory-tinted leaf illumined by the silvery moon shining in the sky above. The stork is presented in all positions, and in various colors, but frequently in silver and bronze, or in blue and gold. There are butterflies innumerable, and gaury-winged beetles and shining fishes, and the serpent coils himself on the dainty page with green and metallic reflections flashing from his scales. Scorpions and adders are not wanting, to be perhaps preserved for the stinging messages between spirits in ill accord. A cream tinted paper may be adorned by a small cluster of autumn leaves, or by a golden ear of corn. The owl is a favorite in this representation, either perched on a sere bough or seen under a blue umbrella, and accompanied by a motto; yet quite as frequently the design may be that of the head alone of the bird.

CONTENT.

BY ROBERT GREEN.

Sweet are the thoughts that savor of content—
The quiet mind is richer than a crown;
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent—
The poor estate scorns fortune's angry frown;
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss
Beggars enjoy when princes oft do miss.

The homely house that harbors quiet rest,
The cottage that affords no pride or care,
The mean that 'grees with country music best,
The sweet consort of mirth and music's fare,
Obscured life sets down a type of bliss;
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

A Woman's Faith.

BY THEO. GIFT.

CHAPTER X.

THE kitchen at Jack's Croft was a great picturesque room, with an enormous fireplace and seats in the chimney-corner.

A broad staircase went up on one side.

The furniture was heavy and old, all in the dark oak, worn by constant use and polishing, which one finds still in some out-of-the-way farmhouse.

There was handsome old blue china on the dresser, and the rough beams of the ceiling were a hanging forest of bacon and dried herbs.

Before the fire, which had a blazing log on it, stood Mrs. Pratt, bright and picturesque as her house, tall and sturdily built, with dark eyes and rosy cheeks, like her daughter Kitty's.

Kitty, the only child and heiress of Jack's Croft, stood leaning against the table, with a basket in her hand and a shawl thrown over her arm.

"Mercy on us!" said Mrs. Pratt. "And where is she now?"

"I left her in the garden with him," answered Kitty, smiling. "He was looking out for me, you see, and he met us at the gate. I never saw such a look on a man's face, mother. How he does worship her, to be sure!"

"Well, Kitty, it's the queerest affair altogether as ever I heard tell of. She can't stay here, you know. You'll have to take her back, or perhaps father'll drive her in the gig. It's a long way for a girl who isn't used to trudging, like you are. She had no business to have come at all, and that's the long and short of it. You oughtn't to have brought her."

"You'd have done the same, mother, if she'd looked up in your face and said, 'My whole happiness depends on seeing that gentleman at once. Let me go home with you.' You couldn't have set yourself against her, sweet pretty creature."

As Kitty spoke Crosby and Letitia came in together.

Mrs. Pratt curtsied, and hastened to set a chair for the young lady.

However shocked the good woman might be, she could not forget her manners.

"No, thank you. I cannot sit down," said Letitia quickly. "O Mrs. Pratt, I hear you are very kind-hearted. I have so much to ask you."

"Mrs. Pratt is the very best woman in the world," said Crosby. "The most generous and the noblest. That is lucky for us, as our whole future depends upon her."

"Law, sir, I don't understand you," said Mrs. Pratt.

"My dear friend," said Crosby, with the greatest earnestness, "let me explain to you. When I accepted your hospitality, and that of your good husband, I told you that private affairs of my own, about which I was very anxious, might keep me for a few days in this neighborhood. Now you see the explanation. I need not say any more, need I?"

Mrs. Pratt looked from one charming young face to the other.

She could not help smiling; but she bit her lips and shook her head.

"Why, sir, I don't clearly see what you are driving at," she said. "And if you want my opinion, it is that this lady had better go quietly home again."

"Don't be so cruel and severe, Mrs. Pratt. You are giving her quite a false idea of you," said Crosby.

"Well, sir," said Mrs. Pratt, with firmness, "if our Kitty was to run off to somebody else's house to meet a young man without our approval, I know very well what her father and me would say to her."

"But Kitty would never be so cruelly treated as I have been, so driven to extremity," said Letitia. "For no reason my father turned him out of the house, and means me to marry another man. All depends on my escaping. I must escape. Mrs. Pratt you will help us?"

Letitia came forward and took one of the good woman's strong brown hands, holding it tight between her own, and looking up with eyes that might have softened a millstone.

"My dear," said the farmer's wife tenderly, "do just consider what a foolish thing you are doing. Leaving your home and everything just because a handsome young gentleman asks you. There ain't one among them, my dear, that's worth it. If I was to do my duty I should just have the horse put in, and have the master drive you back home this minute. I never heard such madness in all my life. As for you, sir, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Pray how do you expect me to help you?"

"Perhaps your friendliness made me expect too much," said Crosby. "But since I received this lady just now at the garden-gate, I have thought that you would persuade your husband to lend me his gig and that strong horse I admire so highly. Then I should drive to London, where discovery is almost impossible. It also seemed to me likely that you might allow your daughter to accompany us. I would see to her safe return."

At these demands Mrs. Pratt lost patience and observed very sharply that gentlefolks thought the world was made for them.

She begged the Captain to give her no more of his nonsense.

She would not listen to another word.

Kitty go with them, indeed!

Kitty was a respectable young woman who had never been in London in her life, and never should go to such a wicked place with her mother's good will.

At the end of all this, which sounded rather hopeless, Letitia sank into a chair and hid her face in her hands.

Captain Crosby frowned as he stood beside her.

"Are you ill, dear madam?" said Kitty, going up to Letitia.

"Yes. I am very tired and miserable," sighed Letitia.

"Bless her dear heart, I daresay she is," said Mrs. Pratt, all her natural kindness returning.

"Come, then my pretty one, go upstairs and rest in Kitty's room for a while. Then you shall go quietly home. They're all wild after you already."

"I shall never go home," said Letitia.

"Well, anyhow, go and rest yourself a bit. You're that excited, you don't know what you're saying. That's right; lean on Kitty, my dear."

Crosby stood and saw his lady-love conveyed away up the dark old staircase. It was true that the painful excitement she had gone through lately, added to the fatigue of that morning's walk, and had been almost too much for Letitia. He was almost wild, between anxiety for her, and the difficulty of getting out of this new scrape with success and honor.

"You will do a very cruel and very foolish thing, Mrs. Pratt," he said, "if you refuse to help us in such an emergency as this."

"Sir," said Mrs. Pratt, "I'm sorry to disagree with a gentleman like you. But your own conscience tells you that it's a cruel and a foolish thing you're wanting to do. No good ever came of a young lady's going against the will of her family."

"Confound her family!"

"I won't be sworn at in my own kitchen, sir, if you please," said Mrs. Pratt.

"I beg your pardon," said Crosby bowing. "I am a good deal irritated just now, and with reason."

He walked out through a door that led into the garden. Mrs. Pratt looked after him.

"I never did see a pleasanter young man, nor a handsomer," she soliloquised. "But the impudence of these here officers! Our best horse, and Kitty into the bargain! What'll he want next, I wonder? That young lady goes back to Sir George's this very day, as soon as Pratt comes in, or I'm not mistress in my own house. I'll have no such doings here."

Crosby was walking about up and down the tidy garden-walks, almost at his wits' end what to do with his treasure, now that he had it, when Kitty Pratt came carefully creeping down in the shadow of a hedge, beckoning to him.

He joined her, and they had a long confidential talk in an arbor, where her father smoked his pipe on summer evenings.

Then Kitty went back in the same cautious manner to the house again.

That was a strange day at the farm—it was very still, the sun was shining, and the hours crawled on slowly—to Mrs. Pratt, vexed and anxious, as she waited for her husband to come in; to Letitia, following Kitty's advice by staying in her room; to Kitty herself, with all her resolution and cleverness; to Crosby, as he wandered about outside, uneasy, in spite of his faith in Kitty, and not caring to go in and encounter her mother.

Towards one o'clock a message came in from the farmer, saying that there was no need to wait dinner for him. A friend of his, ten miles off, had sent to say that some of his most valuable cows were ill, and he should be glad to see him and hear his opinion of them. So he had ridden off at once from the field, and very likely would not be back till late at night.

Mrs. Pratt and Kitty and Crosby dined together rather silently at the great kitchen-table, the servants dining in the back kitchen beyond. Letitia did not come down. After dinner Mrs. Pratt retired into the parlor, and seated herself in her own large armchair, quite determined, with such dangerous people in the house, not to go to sleep as usual. But nature and habit were too much for her, and perhaps she slept with unusual soundness, after her agitation in the morning.

Crosby went out into the garden, and Kitty into the yard, where everything was very quiet. There was always a lull in the farm-work in the middle of the day, and just now not a man was to be seen about the premises; possibly one or two were resting themselves in a warm corner of the barn. Kitty went to the yard-gate, and looked up and down the road; not a creature to be seen.

Yes! there was a horse trotting up the lane. In another minute he had stopped at the gate.

"Good-day," said Kitty, perceiving at once that the rider was one of Sir George's men.

"Good-day, missus. We are in sad trouble down at Sir George Monkton's. Our young lady's gone, and we are searching for her all over the country. You haven't seen nothing of her?"

"If I had," said Kitty, 'don't you think I'd have brought her back by now? She's not a young lady to be wandering about by herself."

"That she ain't. Well, I wonder where she can be gone. There was that Irish gentleman, Captain Crosby, as they say is a tailor's son. Sir George thinks she's run off with him, perhaps to London."

"Mark my words," said Kitty; "if she's gone with him, they'd never do such a blundering thing as go to London. Why, it's full of Sir George's friends, surely.

"They'd find them in a minute. No they'd have gone straight off to Ireland. No doubt about it. That's the road you ought to take, young man, if you want to catch them."

"Ireland! Well, and I shouldn't wonder if you was right, missus," said the man; and he touched his hat and rode off.

"Crosby—a tailor's son!" repeated Kitty to herself as she turned from the gate. "Anyhow I must help them. I wonder if she knows it, though, throwing of herself away like that. Well, it's time for me to harness Boney."

Fortunately for Kitty's designs the stable where her father's best horses lived, and the place where the gig was kept, were in a quiet corner of the premises, with their backs turned to the large yard, and opening on a little grass yard of their own, only commanded from the house by Kitty's own window. From this small court there were two gates, one into the large yard, the other into a large field with a grass road across it, so that a carriage could drive away from Jack's Croft quite silently.

Just as Kitty was buckling her last strap, Captain Crosby appeared at the stable-door.

"Doing it yourself, eh?" he said.

"The fewer we trust, the safer we are, sir," replied Kitty.

"It is early for you to have come to that conclusion," said Crosby, hardly noticing the coolness of Kitty's manner towards himself.

"Well sir, if you'll put him into the gig," said Kitty, "I'll fetch the young lady."

"Kitty, one moment; are you repenting of your goodness to us?"

"Repent!" said Kitty scornfully. She hesitated a moment, and then went on, speaking very quickly; "There were one of Sir George's men at the gate just now, asking for her. I sent him off pretty quick. But he told me something about you."

"What was it, now? That my father was a tailor?"

His laughing eyes were almost too much for Kitty; she turned away from them.

"Well, if he was, you're not good enough for Miss Monkton; you know you're not. And I suppose she knows nothing about it?"

"Ask her. Say anything you like to her. I give you free permission," said Crosby.

"I might do it without that," muttered Kitty, as she walked away.

She found Letitia in a state of feverish impatience waiting for her. She had been looking out of the window into the little yard, had seen Crosby standing at the stable-door laughing, and wondered why in the world he was wasting time so. Kitty looked rather grave as she came into the room.

"Before we go down, ma'am, may I say a word to you?" she said.

"O yes; to tell me to walk softly. Of course I will," said Letitia.

"Yes; but there's something else. I've promised to serve you, and I mean to keep my word; but I've heard just now something about the Captain, from one who came asking after you. They say he's a tailor's son, and I thought you ought to know it."

"Why, Kitty," exclaimed Letitia, turning round in a sudden fire of indignation, "am I to be tormented with this by you, too? I neither know nor care whose son he is.

"If he was your lover, would you care whether his father was a king, or a tailor, or something much lower still—a beggar in the streets, if you like? Wouldn't you trust him?"

"I don't know about that, ma'am," said Kitty. "And I shouldn't like either a king or beggar; one's own station is best."

"O, plague on all your prudence and wisdom!" cried Letitia. "There, he has got the horse in.

"Lead the way now. I'll follow you like a mouse."

Three minutes later, Captain Crosby, Miss Monkton, and the generous but undutiful Kitty were seated in Farmer Pratt's gig, and his good horse Boney was trotting swiftly and silently across the grass-road towards the labyrinth of the cross-country lanes, through which, under Kitty's guidance, they meant to make a bold dash for London.

CHAPTER XI.

IF Letitia had once called her country home a living sepulchre, the London house in which she now found herself deserved that title much more. It was a narrow street of tall dark old houses like itself, with no thoroughfare, so that nobody ever came down it who had not some business at the houses themselves. Even then these houses, though they were close to a busy part of the City, were deserted by the people for whom their fine broad staircases had been built, their large rooms floored with oak, their panellings and balusters carved handsomely.

But no wonder, for they were terribly dark and dismal. Letitia could not help feeling this, though the woman to whom the house seemed to belong—a wild, untidy, warm-hearted Mrs. O'Brien—had received the runaways as if they were a prince and princess, had almost gone down on her knees to adore Letitia, and had raved about her beauty till Letitia was obliged to beg her to stop.

At last leaving Mrs. O'Brien to Kitty, she found herself standing with Crosby in one of the windows of the drawing-room, which smelt rather musty in spite of its large fire, and the magnificence of all its yellow brocade and carving and mirrors.

"O Gerald, what a strange house!" said Letitia; "and who is that funny woman?"

"She is a countrywoman of mine, the best and faithfullest creature," said Crosby. "She was in our service, and then married Lord Killarney's butler; and they took this house with all its old furniture, as you see, and let lodgings. I trust you won't dislike her?"

"O no, not if she is a friend of yours," said Letitia.

It struck her directly that by a question to Mrs. O'Brien she could probably hear the whole truth as to Crosby's parentage: but this was a temptation easily conquered.

"I shall not ask her who you are," she said, smiling at him.

"As to that, my darling, please yourself," answered Crosby.

Letitia shook her head, and the subject was not again alluded to between them.

Kitty was not so delicate-minded. She asked Mrs. O'Brien a whole string of questions, and apparently had satisfactory answers, for her spirits rose, while those of Letitia flagged a little.

They remained quietly in the lodging for a week or more. Crosby, who was staying somewhere else, came to see them every day, and often had to spend most of his time in consoling Letitia, who was seized with fits of home-sickness and self-reproach.

"At any rate, my dearest angel," Crosby remonstrated, "your father brought it all on himself. If he had not treated you with such tyranny, you would have been at home at this moment, and we should have waited patiently for better times. But we had no alternative."

"Ah, yes, I know. But I am so sorry about Florinda. She is such a dear creature, and loves me so sincerely. My happiness was everything to her, and papa made her completely miserable. What must she be feeling now?"

"We will make it all up to her, one of these days," said Crosby. "Her home shall be with us; will that please you, my Letitia?"

"Yes, indeed; you are very good."

Somehow the clouds soon passed away, and the future shone out very brightly again.

The mystery of it was only like a soft golden haze, which made it more attractive and delightful.

No matter whose son Crosby might turn out to be, he must always be himself, and he was perfection.

At last came a morning, when through a thick yellow fog, lighted by link-boys along the streets, a small party of people went from Mrs. O'Brien's house to the very dismallest of city churches, with pews and galleries, stuffy moth-eaten curtains and hangings, a few dim candles lighted about the east end, a fat old clerk with spectacles and a bad cough, a vague dreamy clergyman with a pale face and a mass of gray hair.

What a strange wedding for the heiress of Sir George Monkton! Perhaps such things had often happened in that church before, for both person and clerk seemed to take it as a matter of course; and there was no awaking of interest or curiosity in either pair of eyes, at the sight of this elegant young gentleman and lady in traveling dress, with their two incongruous witness, Kitty Pratt and Mrs. O'Brien.

The clerk gave away the bride as if it was part of his day's work, and as he had given away hundreds before.

The solemn words of the service, gabbled as they were, had a great effect on Letitia; when it was over, she was crying so much that she could hardly see to write her name in the register, and neither saw nor thought of the name that was written above. Kitty did however, and smiled as she scratched her own.

Gerald Crosby led his wife down the damp old passage between the pews, and out at the side-door of the church into a street where a post-chaise was waiting. He and Letitia were inside it, and the horses were moving, before she realised what had happened.

"O, good-bye—good-bye, Kitty!" she cried, starting forward.

Kitty curtsied, and waved her hand.

"God bless and prosper ye, my," screamed Mrs. O'Brien; the end of her sentence was lost in the rattle of the wheels.

Two days later, Kitty returned to Jack's Croft in her father's gig, drawn by Boney, and driven by Mrs. O'Brien's respectable husband.

She brought back with her two or three fashionable gowns and bonnets, a shawl for her mother, a silver-mounted hunting-whip for her father, and a hundred-pound note, which Captain Crosby had left in her hand with a very hearty squeeze, just before he got into the carriage.

After being well scolded and forgiven, Kitty set off to relieve the minds of Letitia's relations. Fortunately, perhaps, for her, Sir George was in London, searching for the runaways.

Mrs. Bushe never dreamed of reproaching Kitty for her part in the matter. It was too delightful to have her mind so entirely set at rest. She cried first, but soon dried her tears, kissed and thanked Kitty, and rejoiced with all her heart.

CHAPTER XII.

THERE was a fashionable place in those days, not a hundred miles from London, which shall be called Gaytown-by-the-Sea.

London people who had any reason for disliking Brighton, and yet liked sea air

combined with dancing and card-playing, went there a good deal.

There were Assembly Rooms, a high promenade overlooking the sea, a few good shops, and a comfortable hotel. The climate was supposed to be very mild, and so it was in the first fortnight of Letitia's married life, which she spent there.

She and her husband, however, did not take much part in the galeties of the place, neither did, they walk up and down the promenade.

They spent most of their days on the shore, enjoying the green tumbling sea and the fantastic forms of the yellow cliffs, picking up shells and seaweed like two happy children.

Crosby sketched, and Letitia suggested and admired.

People at Gaytown wondered who they were and what they were doing, this young couple who somehow looked more fitted for society than for roughing it as they did, making friends with the fishermen, and venturing out in boats on this winter sea with the most surprising boldness.

Yet nobody who thought the thing strange knew how strange it really was, and that the young bride herself very often wondered who she and her husband were.

She had married him in full faith and trust.

At the moment when the mystery might have been cleared up to her by a glance at the register, her mind had been confused and her eyes blinded by tears.

Since then Crosby had told her nothing, and she had not chosen to ask him; yet at times, now that the first excitement was over, she felt quite wild with curiosity.

Nobody knew where they were, for Crosby would not let her write.

Kitty's revelations had been quite enough, he thought, to set Sir George's and everybody's mind at rest.

He told Letitia that they knew everything, and were quite happy about her.

Letitia's smiled as she thought:

"Then you can't be a tailor's son."

She asked no questions, though she wondered how they knew.

Crosby saw the wonder in her eyes and answered it:

"Molly O'Brien was a traitor, and told Kitty all sorts of things."

"If they all know, why shouldn't I?" thought Letitia, but she didn't say it.

One evening, as they walked back along the sands, Crosby said to her:

"This is rather an important day to me, and it is our last but one at Gaytown, unless you wish to stay longer. But you shall decide that to-morrow before I order the horses."

"As you please," said Letitia. "I like the place amazingly. Perhaps we may be here again some day."

"Yes; for certainly no place can be associated with more charming recollections."

"No, indeed. But what is that makes this an important day to you?"

"It is three years to-night since I laid a wager, which I have won. And after all it was not such a foolish one," said Crosby.

* * * * * *

The morning of that next day broke with furious showers of hail, and Letitia, who had been looking forward to a last walk, stood at the window rather disappointed.

Her husband, however, was in the highest spirits.

He had not told her anything yet, and, now, that the suspense was just over, it is sad to have to say that Letitia's happy faith began to flag a little.

She was tired, perhaps; at any rate, she thought that secrets and wagers and all such things were tiresome and ridiculous, and that it did not much signify after all whether her father-in-law—he was dead, too—had been an Irish tailor or an Irish squire.

But she was ashamed of her ill-temper all the time, and looked up smiling when he pointed out a ray of sunshine shooting from under a flying cloud, and said that the weather was clearing off, an I they might as well take a turn on the promenade.

"To tell you the truth, my dear Lotty," he said, "I promised to meet a friend there. So pray put your bonnet on, and let us go at once."

"O yes! What friend is it?" asked Letia. "I had no notion that you know any one here."

"He arrived from town last night," said Crosby, and with this she had to be satisfied.

By the time they reached the promenade the sun had fairly chased the clouds away, and was shining out quite warmly and pleasantly.

The sea was covered with white horses frisking, and made a great noise as it came thundering on the rocks down below.

There was a fresh wind still blowing, and people who ventured on the promenade could hardly keep their feet at first.

In consequence of this it was almost deserted.

But at the further end of it there was a quiet place sheltered by a wall of cliff; and here, long before they reached it, Letitia saw a lady and gentleman standing.

"Are those your friends, Gerald?" she said.

"Yes, dearest," he answered, pressing her arm, and looking down with a bright triumphant smile.

The rude wind had disarranged his wife's bonnet a little, and had blown some curls over her face. But he thought she had never looked more lovely than she did that morning by the sea, as he led her on to meet those two who were waiting for them in the shadow of the rock.

As for those two, the lady was middle-aged and the gentleman young. As Letitia came nearer to him, she saw in their smiling dark eyes, their graceful figures, their whole air and appearance, such a wonderful likeness to Crosby that she half stopped and clung to him.

"O Gerald, who are they?"

He did not answer; for, seeing her movement, the lady came quickly forward.

"Mother, this is my wife," said Gerald gently.

"My sweet girl!" said the lady, embracing Letitia, who felt as if she was in a dream.

"Will Lady Fitzpatrick spare a word to her brother Denis?" said the young man after a moment; and Letitia turned round to shake hands with the strongest possible likeness of her husband. Only Denis was rather shorter, and not quite so ornamental.

"Ah, now tell me who he is!" said Letitia, looking up at Gerald's mother with all the earnestness of an Irish girl.

"Do you mean to say he has not told you? You poor dear heroic creature!"

"Why, my lady, of course he has not told her!" exclaimed Denis, laughing. "He would have lost that wager of ours, which I have regretted so bitterly ever since. However, my five thousand pounds won't go out of the family, that is some comfort. Now Fitzpatrick, I hope you mean to pay debts. By the bye, all is smooth for you with Sir George Monkton. We met him in town the day before yesterday. He attacked me like a raging lion, actually mistaking me for you—that's a compliment for you. I could not have pacified him, but her ladyship took him in hand and brought him to reason."

"Hush, Denis, remember who you are talking of," said his mother. "Come, dear Letitia, I'll walk with you to your lodgings and we will leave these two rattlepates to settle their own affairs. I am afraid this distracted wager of theirs has cost you a good deal of suffering."

"O no," said Letitia, as the lady took her arm, and walked with her towards the town. "I could not have been happier. But pray tell me who he is, and all about it."

"My dear, I can't understand your not knowing. He is Lord Fitzpatrick, of course. Only an Irish peerage, people will tell you; but for my part I think we are as good as the English. As to this wager, he began by spending great sums on building and improving, and a great deal of nonsense. He went beyond his income and got into difficulties. Then he resolved to volunteer into the army. His brother said to him very naturally, that no doubt his name would get him a commission at once. This hurt Fitzpatrick's foolish pride. He told Denis he would lay him a wager of five thousand pounds that he would keep his name and birth a secret for three years, be known as nothing but an adventurer and yet get on in the army as well as any other man. He even said that if any stories were invented as to his birth he would not contradict them. We never thought such a wild idea could be carried out for three years. He had done it, however, and has contrived to win you, too, by far the gayest feather in his cap. I am obliged to respect him now."

Lady Fitzpatrick talked a good deal more about her sons and their wager; but this was all that Letitia cared to hear. Except that she was glad to find the dear name Crosby not quite an imagination; it was his mother's name. And Gerald was really his own.

* * * * * * * *

The story of Miss Monkton's marriage may as well end here.

One has the satisfaction of knowing that Letitia never regretted her trust in the Irish adventurer.

Sir George was angry for some time, and did not finally forgive them till Humphrey Barrett, having married a rich brewer's daughter, deserted his political colors, and came in for the county on the wrong side, which was his father-in-law's.

After this Sir George repented, and was very civil to Lord Fitzpatrick.

Mrs. Bushe took up her abode with Letitia, and lived on the most affectionate terms with her and her husband.

Letitia's children grow up to love her and tyrannize over her, as their mother had done before them.

But I will not say anything about Letitia's children, charmingly agreeable people as they are.

I can only think of their mother as almost a child herself dancing around the room in a white frock, all her curls shaking, or trotting smilingly along the snowy shrubbery, wrapped in scarlet, to her first meeting with the hero of her dreams.

[THE END.]

LOBSTERS.—A letter from Halifax says that lobsters there may be purchased for a cent apiece. An Irish officer thinking that they were in all probability two or three shillings each—as in his own country—gave his servant a sovereign and bade him order the worth of it in lobsters, as he had some friends coming to sup with him that night. Judge of his surprise when, on arriving at his lodgings, he found a cartload of the delicate crustacea awaiting him. "I beg your pardon, sir," said the servant, "the other cart will be up presently."

"NEVER milk while the cow is eating," is the advice of a bucolic contemporary. Judging from the character of much of the milk that comes to market, it would be more to the point never to milk while the cow is drinking.

MONROE, Mich., Sept. 25, 1875.

SIRS—I have been taking Hop Bitters for inflammation of kidneys and bladder. It has done for me what four doctors failed to do. The effect of Hop Bitters seemed like magic to me.

W. L. CARVER.

THE PLOTS OF PRISONERS.

Bolts and bars and walls built to resist the teeth of time are not always sufficient to restrain the convicts in State prison. Confinement seems to sharpen the wits of the prisoners, and not only have they been known to devise successful plans to escape, but to invent most ingenious appliances and machinery in one prison. Every morning the swill contractor drives in, and receiving his load of three or four barrels at the kitchen, drives out again. A convict several years ago thought he saw in the swill-barrel a means of escape, and he proceeded to put his idea into operation. He enveloped his head in clothes and got into the barrel of liquid swill. The gate-keeper is provided with a long iron rod, and is required to probe or examine every load, no matter what it may be that leaves the prison. When the wagon reached the gate the keeper ran the rod into the barrel in which the convict was concealed. It struck an obstruction, and he plunged it in again with considerable force. He was amazed to see a filthy object emerge from the swill and utter a muffled cry of pain. It did not take the keeper long, however, to determine that it was a convict attempting to escape. The clever plot of the prisoner created a great deal of comment at the time.

A prisoner once disappeared and no trace of him could be found. The officers searched for a week without avail. Finally, after all efforts had been given up, the keeper of the tailor shop one day instructed his men to remove the pieces of cloth, of which there was a great quantity, from beneath the cutting-bench. The bench was entirely closed with the exception of a small aperture into which the odds and ends were thrown, and while the pieces were being taken out the missing convict was unearthed. The man had been waiting for an opportunity to get outside the walls, but he waited one day too many it proved. He had been fed regularly by other convicts, who brought him food in their pockets from the mess-room.

A convict will endure the greatest suffering, and privation to secure his liberty. A man from Jefferson County crowded under a floor and hid in a pit partly filled with water. There he lay, wet to the skin, during one freezing cold day, and at night his hopes were blasted by the appearance of officers with lanterns. One prisoner hid himself in the top of a large pigeon-house, but his place of concealment was discovered before he could scale the walls under cover of darkness.

If all the tools and appliances used by prisoners in attempting or accomplishing escapes had been saved a museum might be established. How the convicts obtain these tools is a question easily answered. They make them. Instruments weighing as much as 50 pounds have been made under the very eyes of the officers, and they were none the wiser for it. If a man is employed about iron-working machinery, he will find time to manufacture jacks, jimmies, levers, bars, keys, and other implements. Very often these tools are the finest specimens of workmanship, and any artisan might be proud to own them as his handiwork.

THE person has a good fit of laughter who is always clothed in smiles.

A THIRTY YEARS' SUFFERER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 9, 1880.

GENTLEMEN: Sentiments of duty to those who have suffered like myself induce me to make this statement of the facts in my case. It is not in the least colored. While in California in 1851, I was attacked with Chronic Diarrhœa, which lasted more than five months, and came near proving fatal. This left me with a diseased Liver, and a condition of tenderness and sensitiveness at the pit of the Stomach, so great that I was unable to bear even the weight of a sheet upon it at night. My digestion was bad, compelling me to abstain from many of the common articles of diet, and the pain and soreness of my Stomach were at times intolerable. The condition of my Liver resulted in the formation of Gall Stones, from which I suffered intense agony during their passage. My lower right side became so weak and painful that I was unfitted for business. I tried Blue Mass and other "remedies," without substantial benefit. This condition of Stomach and Liver continued for very near thirty years, and towards the end of that time was rapidly growing worse.

At last I heard of Holman's Pad, and determined to give it a trial. Early last spring I obtained Holman's XXX Pad or Belt, and put it on. Within a very short time, I began to find relief in the region of the Liver, and the result was an astonishing improvement in my Stomach as well as Liver. The nervousness gradually subsided, the pain and much of the tenderness left the pit of my Stomach, my digestion improved—and I now find myself in better health than for years before. I still wear the Pad of nights, leaving it off during the day; and I would not be without it for a thousand times its cost. My health is still improving under its use, and I anticipate a thorough and permanent cure. No trouble from Gall Stones since I commenced his treatment. To the afflicted, like myself I say: Get Holman's Pad and try it; the cost is but little, and I can confidently say, it will do you good

Very truly, S. GARFIELD

NOTE.—General and ex-Congressman Selucius Garfield, of Washington, is a cousin of President Garfield. The original of his admirable letter may be seen at our office. HOLMAN PAD CO.

HOLMAN'S PADS for sale by all druggists, or sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of $2. Address HOLMAN PAD CO., 744 Broadway, N. Y.

New Publications.

"Common Sense About Women" is a series of very short essays, by T. W. Higginson. In all, there are one hundred and five subjects treated of, and the author has said a great deal worthy of thought in a singularly interesting and attractive style. The various topics are somewhat generalized under the various headings: Physiology, Temperament, The Home, Society, Education, Employment, Principles of Government, Suffrage, and Objections to Suffrage. The treatment of the different matters included in these departments take a somewhat advanced view of woman's ability and destiny. It is written with the object of presenting the sex as a fitting recipient of the right of voting. This, however, is wreathed and covered over with so many new ideas, bright thought, wit, anecdote, and old notions in fresh shape, that the volume is charming reading, whatever the degree of conviction it may produce. Published by Lee & Shepard. For sale by Porter & Coates, this city. Price, $1.50.

"The Unseen Hand" is the title of a story with a purpose. It is the history of James Renfew, the Redemptioner, and how through trial and difficulty humanity is made to work out the divine projects. As going to show the building up of strong character, the value and importance of all forms of good, and generally as containing instructive comments on and illustrative of life, it is a book to be commended to the young, and worthy of careful reading by the old. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston, and for sale by James Hammond, 1224 Chestnut St., this city. Price, $1.25.

"Indiana," George Sand's masterpiece, is a novel that takes a firm hold upon the reader from the start, never relaxing its fascination. Indiana, the unfortunate wife of an old husband; Noun, the reckless Creole girl; Raymond de Ramiere, the heartless reprobate; Colonel Delmare, the tyrant, and Sir Ralph Brown, the friend of friends, are all drawn in vivid colors, and the various situations in which they are placed by the hand of destiny, lead to decidedly overwhelming displays of intense passion and feeling. T. B. Peterson & Bros., publishers. Price, 75 cents.

A very useful little volume is Dr. Foote's "Hand-Book of Health-Hints and Ready Recipes," comprising information of importance to everybody. It treats of the management of disease, common ailments, rules of eating, drinking, etc. The hints and rules are given in a plain, practical way, that make them of double value. Price, 25 cents. Murray Hill Publishing Co., New York.

"Handbook of Light Gymnastics" is a book gotten up for the purpose of treating the subject of exercise in a condensed and simple form. It is based on the well-known system of Dr. Dio Lewis, and written by an experienced teacher. It is arranged either for use in schools, etc., or at home. We recommend it as an excellent work of its kind. Lee & Shepard, publishers. For sale by Porter & Coates. Price, 50 cents.

A very timely and useful little book is "The Winter and its Dangers," by Hamilton Osgood, M. D., of Boston. It contains a great many hints that it may be worth health, and even life itself, to learn. Paper cover, price 30 cents. Blakeston & Co., publishers, 1233 Walnut St., this city.

One hundred and fifty thousand copies of "Helen's Babies" have already been printed and sold, and the demand for it continues as lively as ever. It is published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, this city. Price, fifty cents in paper cover, or one dollar in cloth.

MAGAZINES.

Vick's Floral Magazine for December is a specially attractive number. Every issue contains information, hints, directions, etc., that should be indispensable to those loving flowers, either in house or garden. Each issue contains a number of engravings, and either one or two beautifully-colored plates. Subscription, $1.25 a year. James Vick, Rochester, N. Y., publisher.

The North American Review for January contains an exhaustive article on "The Moral Responsibility of the Insane." The article is made up of contributions from the eminent physicians, J. J. Elwell, G. M. Beard, E. C. Seguin, J. S. Jewell, and C. F. Folsom. Other of its contents are articles on The New Political Machine, Shall Women Practice Medicine? The Geneva Award and the Insurance Companies, and A Chapter of Confederate History. Published at No. 3 Lafayette Place, New York. 50 cents a number.

SOME men are so extremely careful about taking cold that they will lock themselves up in the back office for a week to avoid drafts—especially sight drafts.

HEALTH, hope and happiness are restored by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is a positive cure for all those diseases from which women suffer so much. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

Grains of Gold.

All men have their imprudent days.

Passion makes the will lord of the reason.

It is the heart that makes a critic—not the nose

There is no sterner moralist than pleasure.

Few things are impossible to diligence and skill.

Nothing overcomes passion more than silence.

Study the past if you would divine the future.

The public sense is in advance of private practice.

To know how to wait is the great secret of success.

About the only force some people have is the force of habit.

The secret of felicity is a judicious interruption of routine.

The only really bitter tears are those which are shed in solitude.

It is a barren kind of criticism that tells you what a thing is not.

It is a good rule to find out whether it is bread or stone before you bite it.

The very cunning conceal their cunning: the indifferently shrewd boast of it.

The most completely lost of all days is the one in which we have not laughed.

To correct an evil which already exists is not so wise as to foresee and prevent it.

Nothing is a courtesy unless it be meant as such, and that friendly and lovingly.

If He prayed who was without sin, how much more it becometh a sinner to pray.

Men are more inclined to ask curious questions than to obtain necessary information.

Never write any word of commendation which is not based upon your own knowledge.

Physic for the most part is nothing else but the substitute of exercise and temperance.

The first sure symptom of a mind in health is rest of heart and pleasure felt at home.

There is nothing so likely to produce peace as to be well prepared to meet the enemy.

Devote each day to the object then in time, and the evening will find something done.

Most of our misery comes from our fear by and disliking things that never happen at all.

There is no future pang can deal that justice on the self-condemned he deals on his own soul.

Politeness has been defined to be artificial good nature; but we may affirm with much greater propriety that good nature is natural politeness.

If anything is possible for man, and peculiar to him, think that this can be attained by thee.

We cannot too soon convince ourselves how easily we may be dispensed with in this world of ours.

Life is full of bitter lessons, the simplest of which is that one man's fall makes forty men laugh.

If ever I should affect injustice it would be in this, that I might do courtesies and receive none.

One's self-satisfaction is an untaxed kind of property which it is very unpleasant to find depreciated

The hardest rock is made of the softest mud. Don't allow the sediment of habit to harden into vice.

When we read, we fancy we could be martyrs; when we come to act we cannot bear one provoking word.

Every man's life lies within the present, for the time past is spent and done with, and the future is uncertain.

There is no more certain way of committing suicide on the higher moral nature than by falling in love with ourselves.

Positiveness is a most absurd foible. If you are in the right it lessens your triumph; if in the wrong, it adds shame to your defeat.

We are hanging up pictures every day about the chamber walls of our hearts, that we shall have to look at when we sit in the shadows.

One can be corrected and perfected only by one's self. Moral government must not be applied from without, but must spring from within.

Men are measured by what they undertake. What we try to do is what stamps the man—not what we accomplish. Motives are greater things than results.

He who thinks every man a rogue is very certain to see one when he shaves himself, and he ought in mercy to his neighbor, to surrender the rascal to justice.

To think we are able is almost to be so; to determine upon attainment is frequently attainment itself. Thus, earnest resolution has often seemed to have about it almost a savor of omnipotence.

No More Anodynes.

A gentleman who procured Compound Oxygen for his daughter, writes thus of the effects: "Improvement was steady and rapid, though chloral was still used to procure sleep, but in smaller and smaller doses. The continued use of Compound Oxygen soon gave her healthy and refreshing sleep, and all anodynes are abandoned." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large reports and full information, sent free. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Femininities.

A woman attempted to commit suicide last week in New York, by swallowing a pair of stockings.

Three millions of women are earning wages in various trades and industries in England and Wales.

New York has an institution for the training of girls for servants. We consider this an excellent idea.

A wife of six months says it is wonderful how much business a man will find to transact after ninth.

Mrs. Whalley, the widow of a Lancashire, England, farmer, died lately, leaving 230 descendants.

Boston can count up 208 women in that city worth $1,000,000 each. They let them vote a little on school matters.

In Prussia, owing to the centuries of military rule, nearly the whole agricultural work is carried on by women.

Chief Justice Gray, of Boston, has recently given his decision that young women are not eligible as lawyers.

A black man and white woman at Logansport, Ind., are advertising for a clergyman or Justice who will marry them.

"Only ladies allowed to smoke here" is the significant notice to be seen in many of the depots of the Pittsburg & Fort Wayne railroad.

The California woman who gave her old blue petticoat to make the first American flag raised in that State, lies in an unmarked grave.

A Kentucky man is to be tried for stealing the heart of the girl he loved. He is a doctor, and got possession of it at a post-mortem examination.

A Washington widow who is known to have $10,000, is reported to have refused eight offers of marriage from discharged clerks in one day and two nights.

A dealer in one of the Massachusetts manufacturing towns, where a large number of girls are employed, laid in last year a stock of chewing gum valued at $1,000.

A lady called at a drug-store where they also kept books, and inquired of one of the firm: "Have you 'Dixie's Greece?'" "No mum; but we have excellent bear's oil."

A "ladies' four" has recently been seen on the river at Oxford, Eng., manned (or womanned) by students of the High School. Among this fair crew is the daughter of one of the professors.

It is said to be a fact capable of demonstration that two summer marriages tend to divorce as one winter marriage. This would seem to indicate that summer husband-hunting is rather unsafe business.

A young woman of Wallingford, Conn., was married the other evening, and, while the festivities were at their height, she eloped with one of her bridal bouquets, who was one of the guests at the wedding.

Jenny June says she has worn dresses for over thirty-five years, and in that time she has dealt with two hundred dressmakers who can never see the gates of pearl and gold. They stole a good part of her cloth.

Spurgeon has advice for the man who marries a shrew, and says that when a man catches a tartar, or lets a tartar catch him, he must take his dose of tartaric acid and make as few ugly faces as he can.

In the new city of Pullman, near Chicago, a handsome-looking roofer, who for more than three months has done work on the highest buildings with as much skill as the best workman, has just been discovered to be a woman.

A woman teacher in Georgetown, Mass., was driven out of her school by the sight of a loaded pistol in the hand of a pupil she had reprimanded, but she met one of the committee at the door, and he went in and disarmed him.

One of the allegations made in a Louisville wife's bill for divorce, is that her husband, to cure her of jealousy, compelled her to kiss the woman of whom she was jealous, having brought the latter to the house for the purpose.

To the young lady who was telling her confidential friend, in a Chestnut street car, the other evening, about a man who impudently turned around two or three times on the street and stared at her, we felt like putting the question, "How did you know this?"

In a Montreal breach of promise suit it was shown that the pair agreed upon a day for marriage, and marked it in a calendar of her diary, and that he twice surreptitiously rubbed out the mark and put it a month ahead. She caught him at it on the last occasion, and sought by a recourse to the law to compel him to stick to the original promise.

Miss Benson learned that Randall, who was wooing her at Mount Vernon, Ohio, already had a wife. She waited until he made a formal proposal of marriage, and then applied to a justice for his arrest on a charge of bigamy. Being told that the crime of bigamy required a double marriage, she kept her secret, let the engagement result in a wedding, and then triumphantly sent him to jail immediately after the ceremony.

The Baroness de Rothschild has her own railway carriage, a boudoir on wheels, in which she can enjoy all the luxury of home while she is flying at lightning speed from one country to another. Mrs. J. W. Mackay, of San Francisco, has also a railway carriage of her own, a fairy palace in its appointments and decorations, costing $30,000 besides an annual tax of $2,000 for keeping it in running order, and a very large additional charge for transportation.

Complications.

If the thousands that now have their rest and comfort destroyed by a complication of kidney and liver complaints would give Nature's remedy, Kidney-Wort, a trial, they would be speedily cured. It acts on both organs at the same time, and therefore completely fills the bill for a perfect remedy. If you have a lame back and disordered kidneys, use it at once. Don't neglect them.—Mirror and Farmer.

News Notes.

The Mormons claim to be one hundred thousand strong.

Florida is going into the manufacture of paper from palmetto.

A Chicago commercial college has added a course in elocution.

Licenses to sell liquor in Nebraska are hereafter to cost $1,000.

Krupp, the cannon maker, has now in his employ over 20,000 men.

A reverend doctor is advertised to lecture in New York on "The Sin of Holding Property."

One of the attractions announced at a fair down in Florida, is a fight between two alligators.

Bridgeport, Conn., with 30,000 inhabitants, has two hundred licensed places where liquor is sold.

The President has signed the bill giving the franking privilege to the widow of President Garfield

Always keep plenty of evaporating water surface in any or every room warmed by stove or furnace.

Londoners are just learning to eat sweet potatoes, which have but recently appeared in that market.

Baked coarse bread, called horse-bread, was common food for horses in the time of James I. instead of grain.

It is said that it costs the Government $8,000,000 a year to feed the Indians, and an equal sum to fight them.

A silver star marks the spot on the floor of the Baltimore & Potomac railway station where Garfield fell when shot.

The latest street outrage in Liverpool was the scalping of a servant girl, and the cutting off of her long and beautiful hair.

An ant town was found in the Allegheny Mountains containing 17,000 nests rising in cones to a height of two or three feet.

The pianoforte was invented in Germany, and began to be popular in England and France near the close of the last century.

There are more than a million miles of telegraph in operation in the world, of which the United States has 230,000 miles.

The Duke of Argyll recently provided, at Inveraray Castle, a dance for his workmen, and excluded all intoxicating beverages.

In 1444 a patent was granted John Cobbe, that by the art of philosophy he might transmute perfect metals into gold and silver.

The last court dwarf in England was a German named Crop-eared Jack, retained by the Princess of Wales, the mother of George III.

A. O'Connell, of Helena, Montana, met with an accident that is perhaps without a parallel. While entering he fractured one of his ribs.

Residents of the lumber districts may be pleased to learn that a German chemist has discovered how to manufacture brandy out of sawdust.

There are 50,000 commercial drummers in the United States. The armament of each consists of one diamond pin, four satchels, and two ironclad trunks.

A chrysanthemum wedding is one at which the ladies carry chrysanthemums of various colors, the bridesmaids' muffs being made of those flowers.

In the registers in the parish of Heanor, Derbyshire, England, is the entry of the baptism of twin children, Jern and Salem, dated one hundred years ago.

Some curious person having counted the number of notes in a part recently sung by Madame Albani, for which she received $400, finds she was paid 25 cents a note.

A farmer in plowing recently over the site of a granary burned by Indians in 1855, in Douglas county, Oregon, found a quantity of wheat in a good state of preservation.

The whole number of letters mailed in this country in the last fiscal year exceeded one thousand millions twenty letters each for every man, woman and child in the country.

The Life Saving Service saved 155 lives during October, and $63,000 worth of property. The total pay of the keepers and crews at the 179 stations for the same month was $30,000.

A Georgia clergyman, Mr. Haygood, says that it is incorrect to think that the South as a unit fought for slavery, or now regrets its extinction, considering that not one family in twenty ever owned a slave.

Personally the President displays good taste. He regards himself as in mourning for his late dead, dresses in black, uses paper with a broad border, and declines all invitations to theatrical performances.

The opponents of compulsory vaccination in England are in earnest. More than a quarter of a million tracts and other publications have been issued and circulated by the London Society during the past year.

The widow of the French journalist, Emile de Girardin, is said to be dying from the excessive use of morphine. She cannot sleep, and lies day and night on a sofa, praying for death to relieve her from her suffering.

One Experience from Many.

I had been sick and miserable so long, and had caused my husband so much trouble and expense, no one seemed to know what ailed me, that I was completely disheartened and discouraged. In this frame of mind I got a bottle of Hop Bitters and used them unknown to my family. I soon began to improve, and gained so fast that my husband and family thought it strange and unnatural; but when I told them what had helped me they said "Hurrah for Hop Bitters! long may they prosper, for they have made mother well, and us happy."—The Mother.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.

HEALTH OF BODY IS WEALTH OF MIND.

RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your [illegible] and your complexion fair, use RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether [illegible], Consumption, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, diseases of the Lungs, Bladder, Kidneys, Liver, Stomach, or Bowels, either chronic or constitutional, the virus of the disease is in the BLOOD which supplies the waste, and builds and repairs these organs and wasted tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy, the process of repair must be unsound.

"The Sarsaparillian" Resolvent not only is a compensating remedy, but secures the harmonious action of each of the organs. It establishes the right circulation of the fluids, restores functional harmony, and supplies the waste with a pure and healthy nutriment to make new life. The skin, after a few days use of the Sarsaparillian, becomes clear and beautiful. Pimples, Blotches, Black Spots, and Skin Eruptions are removed. Sores and Ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from sore eyes, Erysipelas, sore of the Head, Ears, Legs, Throat, or Limbs that have accumulated and spread, or from unclean diseases or mercury, or from the use of Corrosive Sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicines than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. **One Dollar Per Bottle.**

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD.

ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE

WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS AND PREPARE THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR BOTTLED MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE

THE MOMENT RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS APPLIED INTERNALLY OR EXTERNALLY ACCORDING TO DIRECTIONS, PAIN FROM WHATEVER CAUSE CEASES TO EXIST. In all cases where pain or disease exists or is expected it should be used. Infammation of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bowels, Congestion of the Lungs, Sore Throat, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Earache, Sore Throat, Difficult Breathing, Palpitation of the Heart, Hysterics, Croup, Diphtheria, Colds, Chills, Fever and Ague, and all Internal Pains and Aches, Pain in the Back, Kidneys, Chest or Limbs, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Pleurisy, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis, Colic, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Nervous Headache, Nervous Prostration, Hysteria, Pain in the Side and Bowels, Pain in the Small of the Back, Piles and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few drops of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

We repeat that the reader must consult our books and papers on the subject of diseases and their cure, which will be sent by mail.

"False and True."
"Radway on Irritable Urethra."
"Radway on Scrofula."
and others relating to different classes of Diseases.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE."

Send a letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.

RADWAY'S REGULATING PILLS.

Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purging, thereby [illegible] and regulating the action of all the functions of the System. Radway's Pills, for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles and all derangements of the internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a perfect cure. Purely vegetable containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

Observe the following symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

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TO THE PUBLIC.

There can be no better guarantee of the value of Dr. Radway's Remedies than R. R. R. Remedies [illegible] and will [illegible] them, as there are false Reports in Circulation. Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.

THE MILD POWER
CURES
HUMPHREYS' HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS
In use twenty years. The most safe, simple, economical and efficient medicine known. Dr. Humphreys' Book on Disease and its Cure (48 pp.) also Illustrated Catalogue sent free. Humphreys Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York

We manufacture on the premises for Builders and others Fine Work in

SLATE MANTELS,

$10, $15 Upwards. A Simple Mantel at Wholesale Price.

Illustrated Catalogue Free if you mention "Saturday Evening Post."

PENN MANTEL WORKS,
30 Market Street, Camden, N.J.

A DOMESTIC REVOLUTION

THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP

Declared by Editors and Housekeepers to be one of the Most Wonderful Discoveries of Our Time.

The Readers of the SATURDAY EVENING POST have doubtless noticed that we have accorded to THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP the UNUSUAL DISTINCTION of EDITORIAL NOTICES. We do this, feeling it our duty as public journalists to draw the attention of heads of families to what is beyond doubt a MOST REMARKABLE DISCOVERY, and one of great importance to the Housekeepers of America.

It has often been a subject of discussion among men and women of intelligence why the fact should exist that very few inventions are made to lighten the work of housekeeping; and also why it should be that the first impulse of women is to oppose all new methods that are brought to their notice without caring to give them any consideration; and the conclusion that has been arrived at is, that when women are once aroused to a sense of the absurdity of thus standing in their own light, the attention of inventors will be turned to the subject of the needs of Housekeepers, and ironing, sweeping, cooking, dishwashing, etc., will be made easy by the aid of science.

A PHILADELPHIAN, of SCIENTIFIC ATTAINMENTS, having had his attention aroused to the necessity of such aids to Housekeepers, has perfected what he has called "The Frank Siddalls Soap" and "The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes," and the SATURDAY EVENING POST takes pride in telling its readers that, by the use of its advertising columns, backed up by its editorial endorsements of the *thorough reliability of these aids*, the attention of thousands of overworked Housekeepers has been drawn to this article,

And Warm Letters of Thanks are Daily being Mailed from All Parts of the United States.

Containing heartfelt thanks for what this great invention has done for the writers. These Letters, a few of which have been published in the SATURDAY EVENING POST, constitute

A WONDERFUL COLLECTION OF NOT LESS THAN TEN THOUSAND TESTIMONIALS,

not one of them Solicited. The originals can be inspected by any one who will take the trouble to call at the Office of the Frank Siddalls Soap, 718 Callowhill St., Philadelphia, Pa.

It is really no matter for wonder that this effort should have been attended with such marked success, as the unheard-of offer made is so fair: to furnish a cake of the Soap by mail (postage prepaid) for trial to any one who will send the retail price (10 cts.) and will promise to use the Soap on the whole of a regular family wash, and exactly by the Directions, when the postage alone is 15 cts., the cost of the box 6 cts., and a regular 10-cent cake is sent—all for 10 cents. It seems to us as if every one of our Subscribers must feel impelled to make the necessary promises and send for a cake of the Soap and try for themselves its wonderful virtues.

The SATURDAY EVENING POST also endorses all these statements, and tells its readers that the Frank Siddalls Soap and the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes never fails when the Soap falls into the hands of a person of Refinement, Intelligence and Honor.

A Person of Refinement

The SATURDAY EVENING POST says, would be glad to adopt an easy, clean, neat way of washing clothes, in place of the old hard, sloppy, filthy way.

A Person of Intelligence

The SATURDAY EVENING POST says, would have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible directions.

A Person of Honor

The SATURDAY EVENING POST says, would scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy an article and then not follow the directions so strongly insisted on.

And Sensible Persons

The SATURDAY EVENING POST says, would not get mad when new and improved ways were brought to their notice, but would feel thankful that their attention had been directed to better methods.

Burn it! kick away the Wash Boiler!
No Boiling with Frank Siddalls Soap!
Don't spoil the old Boiler Sam,
we can keep ashes in it!
TRADE MARK

And Wives of Dealers

The SATURDAY EVENING POST says, should get their husbands to write to the office and get a circular, showing a remarkably liberal inducement to Dealers' Wives to get them to give the Frank Siddalls Soap a thorough trial in their own houses.

In giving Editorial approval to the Frank Siddalls Soap we are only one among many publishers, who, knowing the Soap to be, and to do, all that is claimed for it, have given it unqualified endorsement. Among other high-class Journals may be mentioned—

THE METHODIST,
THE PHILADELPHIA TIMES,
THE PHILADELPHIA RECORD,
THE BURLINGTON HAWKEYE,
THE NORRISTOWN HERALD,
THE CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE,
THE CHRISTIAN AT WORK,
THE N. Y. WEEKLY WITNESS,
N. Y. FREEMAN'S JOURNAL & CATHOLIC REGISTER

Besides a host of well-known Journals, too numerous to mention.

AND NOW DON'T GET THE OLD WASHBOILER MENDED, but Next Wash-Day Put Aside All Little Notions and Prejudices, And Give One Trial to The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes;

☞ And remember, this Advertisement would not be inserted in this paper if there was any humbug about it. ☜

☞ After getting the opinion of noted housekeepers it was decided to adopt what is probably the most liberal proposition ever made to the public. When a lady sees that it is to her interest to try the Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes, and cannot find the Soap at the store where she resides, she can get a cake by mail ONLY on the following FIVE conditions (persons who do not comply with all FIVE of these conditions must not expect any notice to be taken of their letters):

Make your promises VERY PLAIN, or the Soap will NOT be sent.

First—Inclose the retail price—10 cents—in money or stamps.
Second—Say in her letter that she saw the advertisement in the SATURDAY EVENING POST.
Third—Promise that the Soap shall be used on the whole of a regular family wash.
Fourth—Promise that the person sending will personally see that every little direction shall be strictly followed.
Fifth—Only One Cake of Soap must be sent for—it being a very expensive matter to send even one Cake.

Now, in return, the lady will get a regular ten-cent cake of Soap. To make it carry safely it will be put in a metal envelope that costs six cents; and fifteen cents in postage stamps will be put on; it will be enough to do a large wash, and there will be no excuse for any lady reader of the SATURDAY EVENING POST not doing away with all her wash-day troubles.

GENTLEMEN ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND FOR THE SOAP UNTIL THEIR WIVES HAVE PROMISED TO FAITHFULLY COMPLY WITH EVERY REQUIREMENT.

The Frank Siddalls Improved Way of Washing Clothes

Easy and Ladylike; Sensible Persons Follow These Rules Exactly, or Don't Buy the Soap.

The Soap Washes Freely in Hard Water. Don't Use Soda or Lye. Don't Use Borax or Ammonia. Don't Use Anything but THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP.

A WASHBOILER MUST NOT BE USED; NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER.

Don't try the Soap on part of the Wash, but use it on the whole Wash, no matter how dirty. It answers for the finest Laces and Lace Curtains, Calico, fine Lawns, Woollens, Blankets, Flannels, etc., and also for the most Soiled Clothing of Butchers, Printers, Blacksmiths, Painters, Laborers, Mechanics, Mill Hands and Farmers.

Heat the wash water in the tea-kettle; the wash-water should only be lukewarm, and consequently a tea-kettle will answer for even a large wash. Be sure to try the tea-kettle the first time, no matter how odd it may seem.

A wash-boiler which stands unused several days at a time will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, in spite of the most careful housekeeper, which injures some delicate ingredients that are in this Soap. ALWAYS USE LUKEWARM WATER. NEVER USE VERY HOT WATER, and wash the white flannels with the other white pieces. The less water that the clothes are put to soak in the better will be the result with the Frank Siddalls Soap.

FIRST.—Cut the Soap in half—it will go further. Dip one of the articles to be washed in the tub of water. Draw it out on the wash board and rub on the Soap lightly, not missing any soiled places. Then roll the article in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, and lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and so on until all the pieces have the Soap rubbed on them and are rolled up. Then go away for twenty minutes to one hour—by the clock—(*a full hour is the best*) and let the Soap do its work.

NEXT.—After soaking the full time commence by rubbing the clothes lightly on the wash-board, and all the dirt will drop out; turn the clothes inside out so as to get at the seams, but DON'T use any more Soap; DON'T scald or boil a single piece, or they will turn yellow; and DON'T wash through TWO suds. If the wash-water gets entirely too dirty dip some of it out and add a little clean water. Never rub hard, or the dirt will be rubbed in—but rub lightly and the dirt will drop out. All dirt can be readily got out in ONE suds; if a streak is hard to wash soap it again and throw back in the suds for a few minutes *but don't keep the soap on the wash board, nor lying in the water, or it will waste.* ☞ Do not expect this Soap to wash out stains that are SET by the old way of washing although it will often do so. For unusual STAINS, hard to remove, rub more soap on and expose to the hot sun in Summer or freezing weather in Winter. If at any time the wash-water gets too cold to be comfortable add enough water out of the tea-kettle to warm it. Should there be too much lather use less Soap next time; if not lather enough, use more Soap.

NEXT comes the Rinsing—which is also to be done in lukewarm water, and is for the purpose of getting the dirty suds out, and is done as follows: Wash each piece lightly on the wash board through the rinse-water (without using any more Soap), and see that all the dirty suds are got out. Any smart Housekeeper will know just how to do this.

NEXT, the blue-water, which can be either lukewarm or cold. Use scarcely any bluing, for this Soap takes the place of bluing. Stir a piece of the Soap in the blue-water until the water gets decidedly soapy. Put the clothes through this soapy blue-water, wring them *and hang them out to dry without any more rinsing and without scalding or boiling a single piece, no matter how soiled any of the pieces may be.*

STAINS that cannot be removed by The Frank Siddalls Soap and The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing, cannot be removed by any other soap or any washing mixture, nor by scalding or boiling.

ALWAYS make the blue-water soapy, *and the less blueing the better;* there will always be more or less of a scum on the blue-water. *Do not skim this off.* The clothes when dry will *not* smell of the Soap, but will smell as sweet as new, and will iron the easier, and will dry as white and sweet in doors as out in the air, and the clothes will look whiter the oftener they are washed this way. Afterward wash the colored pieces and colored flannels the same way as the other pieces. It is not a clean way to soak clothes over night. Such long soaking sets dirt and makes the clothes harder to wash. ☞ The starched pieces are to be starched exactly the same way as usual, *except that a small piece of the Soap dissolved in the starch is a wonderful improvement and also makes the pieces iron much easier.*

Where clothes have to lie over-night, on account of bad drying weather, where it is not convenient to dry them in-doors, they should be washed clean exactly by the above directions, then washed through a lukewarm rinse-water exactly by the above directions, so as to get the dirty suds out, *and then thrown into a tub of clean water made quite soapy,* to stand over night; next morning wring them out of that water and put through a soapy blue-water (which can either be lukewarm or cold), and out on the line.

Don't forget to try the Frank Siddalls Soap for the Toilet, the Bath, and for Shaving. It agrees with the skin of the most delicate infant. Always leave plenty of lather on the skin. Infants washed in this way will not get prickly heat and eruptions and sores which other soap often causes. Even a person of ordinary intelligence will know for certain that the long-continued use of a soap that is excellent for washing children cannot possibly injure delicate articles washed with it, no matter how quickly it may remove dirt.

The Frank Siddalls Soap is excellent for Washing Mirrors, Window Glass, Car Windows, and all kinds of Glass Vessels; also for Washing Milk Utensils, and for Removing the Smell from the Hands after Milking. When used for washing dishes it leaves the dishcloth splendid and clean, and the dishcloth never requires scalding. Where Water is scarce, or has to be carried far, it is well to know that a few Buckets of Water will answer for doing a large Wash when the Frank Siddalls Soap is used according to Directions.

If the place you deal with will not buy the Soap to accommodate you, or you think you are being overcharged for the Soap, try some other dealer, or write to our office, and—

Address all Letters: OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, 718 CALLOWHILL STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

AND NOW KICK AWAY THE OLD WASH-BOILER. Remember that Prejudice is a Sign of Ignorance.

In New York the Frank Siddalls Soap is sold by such Wholesale Houses as Williams & Potter, Francis H. Leggett & Co, Burkhalter, Masten & Co., Woodruff, Spencer & Stout, Adams & Howe, Mahnken & Moorhouse, Austin, Nichols & Co., Wright, Knox & Depew, and others, and by many Retail Grocers in New York and Brooklyn; is sold in Philadelphia by every Wholesale and Retail Grocer, and rapidly growing to be the most popular Soap in the United States.

LOVE LANE.

If I should love a lady more,
And woo her ev'ry hope to crown,
I'd love her all the country o'er,
But not declare it out of town.

One even, by a mossy bank,
That held a hornet's nest within,
To Ellen on my knees I sank—
How snakes will twine around the shin.

A bashful fear my soul unnerved,
And gave my heart a backward tug;
Nor was I cheer'd when she observed,
Whilst I was silent—"What a slug!"

At length my offer I preferr'd,
And Hope a kind reply forbode—
Alas! the only sound I heard
Was, "What a horrid ugly toad!"

I vow'd to give her all my heart,
To love her till my eyes took leave,
And painted all a lover's smart—
Except a wasp gone up his sleeve!

But when I ventur'd to abide
Her father's and her mother's grante—
Sudden she started up and cried,
"Oh, dear! I am all over ants!"

Nay, when beginning to beseech
The cause that led to my rebuff,
The answer was so strange a speech—
A "Daddy-Longlegs, sure enough!"

I spoke of fortune—house—and lands—
And still renew'd the warm attack—
'Tis vain to offer ladies hands
That have a spider on the back!

'Tis vain to talk of hopes and fears,
And hope the least reply to win
From any maid that slops her ears
In dread of earwigs creeping in!

'Tis vain to call the dearest names,
Whilst stoats and weasels startle by—
As vain to talk of mutual flames,
To one with glow-worms in her eye!

What check'd me in my fond address,
And knock'd each pretty image down?
What stopp'd my Helen's faltering "yes?"
A caterpillar on her gown!

To list to Philomel is sweet—
To see the moon rise silver pale—
But not to kneel at Lady's feet,
And crush a rival in a snail!

Sweet is the eventide, and kind
Its zephyr, balmy as the south;
But sweeter still to speak your mind
Without a chafer in your mouth!

At last, embolden'd by my bliss,
Still fickle Fortune played me foul,
For when I strove to snatch a kiss,
She scream'd—by proxy, through an owl!

Then, Lovers, doom'd to life or death,
Shun moonlight, twilight, lanes, and bats,
Lest you should have in selfsame breath
To bless your fate—and curse the gnats!

—TOM HOOD.

Facetiæ.

Why is a first floor like a lie? It is a story.

A corn dodger—The man who wears easy shoes.

The concern that always makes money—The mint.

As the honey-bee said, there is no place like comb.

A book with a loose leaf should be bound ever to keep the place.

Did you ever see the pig wash? No, but I have saw the pig-iron.

A satirical slave says that tenors usually put on more airs than they sing.

There is a good deal of human nature in a canary bird; he always begins to chatter as soon as the piano begins to play.

"People who live in stone houses should never throw glass," as the fellow said when was hit with a tumbler in a beer-cellar.

Will the coming man shut the door behind him? is the latest inquiry. It is to be hoped that he will, for the going man seldom does.

A lazy boy was complaining that his bed was too short, when his father sternly replied: "That is because you are always too long in it, sir."

John Monroe and William Crannell loved the same woman in Chicago. The jail officials heartlessly refused to let him attend Crannell's funeral.

In Italy they license hand-organs which are to tunes a discordant note is not permitted. Hand-organs which can't get a license are shipped to this country.

"Must the American oyster die?" asks one of our exchanges. It must. If it is tough enough to go through a plain roast or a fancy stew alive we don't want it.

Down with the monsters! A prominent brewing firm has the following startling announcement on their printed bill-heads: "Families supplied in casks and bottles."

Being intoxicated three times deprives a man of the right to vote under the old French law. If that were the law in this country election day wouldn't amount to much.

"Silver dollars with holes in them are painfully numerous," said a country editor; but they're not half so painfully numerous as holes without any silver dollars around them.

The Brooklyn doctors examined a man to see if he was insane, and as they found six letters from other men's wives concealed in the lining of his coat, where his own wife had never found them, concluded that he was able to transact business.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

A SENSATION

Has often been made by the discovery of some new thing, but nothing has ever stood the test like Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills; their popularity and sale is unprecedented.

They supply a need long felt, and must become a household remedy. Just think—to be cured in a few weeks of these terrible nervous troubles and awful suffering from Sick Headache, Neuralgia, and Dyspepsia, and the nervous system put in a natural and healthy condition, destroying the Possibility of Paralysis, Angina Pectoris, and sudden death, which is carrying off so many noble men and women in the full tide of life and usefulness.

This simple remedy of Extract of Celery Seed and Chamomile Flowers, combined in the form of pills, is a boon to humanity. It has saved the lives of thousands of nervous, headaching children in our schools and out every year. No nervous person or sufferer from Headache, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia or Paralysis will do themselves justice until they try them.

Sold by all druggists. Price, 50 cents a box. Depot, 106 North Eutaw St., Baltimore, Md. By mail, two boxes for $1.00, or six boxes for $2.50, to any address.

DR. C. W. BENSON'S

SKIN CURE

Is Warranted to Cure

ECZEMA, TETTERS, HUMORS, INFLAMMATION, MILK CRUST, ALL ROUGH SCALY ERUPTIONS, DISEASES OF HAIR AND SCALP, SCROFULA ULCERS, PIMPLES and TENDER ITCHINGS on all parts of the body. It makes the skin white, soft and smooth; removes tan and freckles, and is the BEST toilet dressing in THE WORLD. Elegantly put up, two bottles in one package, consisting of both internal and external treatment.

All first class druggists have it. Price $1. per package.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS

The name of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is heard in every dwelling, it finds a place in every household, and its praises are sounded throughout the whole Western Hemisphere, as a general invigorant, a cure for sick headache, a specific for flatulency and sour stomach, an appetizing stomachic, an excellent blood depurent, and certain remedy for intermittent fever and kindred diseases.

For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

KIDNEY WORT

HAS BEEN PROVED

by thousands and tens of thousands all over the country to be the SUREST CURE ever discovered for all

KIDNEY DISEASES.

Does a lame back or disordered urine indicate that you are a victim? THEN DO NOT HESITATE, use Kidney-Wort at once, (every druggist will recommend it) and it will speedily overcome the disease and restore healthy action.

Incontinence or retention of Urine, brick dust or ropy deposits, and dull dragging pains all speedily yield to its curative power.

PRICE $1. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

KIDNEY WORT

ACTS AT THE SAME TIME ON KIDNEYS, LIVER, BOWELS.

Established 1823.

KEYSTONE Slate and Soapstone Works.

SLATE MANTELS

Of the latest and most beautiful designs, and all other Slate and Soapstone Work on hand or made to order.

JOSEPH S. MILLER, Manufacturer.

Office and Salesroom: 1219 Ridge Avenue.

Factory: 1211 & 1213 Spring Garden St., Philada.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue and Price-List.

FLORENCE

OIL-STOVES

—AND—

HEATERS.

No Smoke,
No Smell,
Absolutely NON-EXPLOSIVE.

Send for circular and Price-List.

BYLES & SMITH,
S. E. Corner 7th & Arch Sts.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

FLORIDA!

Atlantic and Gulf Coast Canal and Okeechobee Land Co.

50,000 SHARES, $10 EACH

At PAR with a BONUS of 40 Acres for each 10 Shares from Choice Lands of the "Disston purchase."

OFFICES: Third & Chestnut Sts., Philada. 115 Broadway, N.Y. Rooms 111, 113.

Detailed Prospectus, with descriptive maps mailed FREE.

ONLY 10 CENTS FOR ANY COLOR

THE DIAMOND DYES.

are the Simplest, Cheapest, Strongest and most brilliant Dyes ever made. One 10 cent package will color more goods than any 15 or 25 ct. dye ever sold. 24 popular colors. Any one can color any fabric or fancy article. Send for any color wanted and be convinced. Set of fancy cards, samples of ink and 1 p'k'g. dye, all mailed for 10 cents.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt.

ANOTHER BOOM FOR AGENTS.

MARK TWAIN'S NEW BOOK is decidedly THE BEST

"The Prince and the Pauper,"

Will outsell all his previous works, and offers you the best chance of your life to make money rapidly. Old agents will act promptly and secure choice territory, and we advise you to do the same. Outfits now ready. *Send at once for circulars and terms to*

H. N. HINCKLEY, Publisher,
143 S. Canal St., Chicago, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED at Once to sell the Life and Complete History of

THE TRIAL OF GUITEAU,

A sketch of his *erratic career* and *FULL HISTORY* of the strange scenes and *Startling Disclosures* of his trial. *Well Illustrated.* Will sell immensely. *Agent's outfit* 50c. *Terms to agents liberal.* Address Hubbard Bros., publishers, 723 Chestnut St., Philada.

NO HOME SHOULD BE WITHOUT

PICTURES. They serve for instruction to the young. We have just published a picture of the whole GARFIELD FAMILY; size, 24x30; Washington and Lincoln (portraits represented hanging on the wall. Price, by mail, 50c. We also have portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Garfield; by mail, 25c. each. A full assortment of other choice 22 and 24x30 Chromos; also Chromos for Sabbath Schools. Agents wanted.

PHILA. CHROMO CO., 25 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

75 (no 2 alike) All new style Chromo Cards, Monrose Buds, Lilies, Ferns, Scrolls, Autumn leaves, &c., lithographed in brilliant colors, your name in GOLD & JET 10c. Printers supplied with blank cards at the lowest rates. Our stock of Bevel-Edge, Imported Chromos and SATIN FRINGE Cards is unequalled. Please send 25c. for Agents book of the most lovely samples you ever saw. We pay the highest commission and offer the most elegant premiums. AMERICAN CARD CO., West Haven, Conn.

HEAR YE DEAF!

CARMORE'S ARTIFICIAL EAR DRUMS

As invented and worn by him perfectly restoring the hearing. Entirely deaf for thirty years, he hears with them, even whispers, distinctly. Are not observable, and remain in position without aid. Descriptive Circular free.

John Carmore, S. W. Cor. 4th & Race Sts., Cincinnati, O

Agents wanted to supply the *wonderful demand* for the *best, most popular and cheapest*

LIFE OF GARFIELD PRICE ONLY $2

Profusely Illustrated. Outfit 50c. *For terms,* Address HUBBARD BROS., publishers, Philadelphia.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A Sure relief for Asthma. Sent by mail. HOWARD & CO. Boston, Mass.

How to DECORATE Your HOMES

For Christmas with Illustrations in DEMOREST'S MONTHLY for January 20 cts. Address 17 E. 14th Street, New York.

FREE An Elegant pair of Solid Gold-Plate Sleeve Buttons or Ear-Rings on receipt of fifteen addresses and five 3c. stamps for postage. STANDARD JEWELRY M'F'G CO., Schenectady, N. Y.

BEATTY'S ORGANS 27 stops, ten set reeds, only $65. PIANOS, $125 up. RARE HOLIDAY INDUCEMENTS ready. Write or call on Beatty, Washington N J

50 large handsome Chromo Cards, name on 10c. New & Artistic designs, no postage lodged best pack sold. Album of Samples 25c. F. W. Austin, Fair Haven, Ct.

40 Elegant Chromo Cards, Hands, Feathers, Good-Luck, etc., name on 40 styles, 10c. Nassau Card Co. Nassau, N. Y.

GARFIELD, his wife and mother—three Fine Pictures, all colors, for 10c. Card Co. Bolsville, N.Y.

50 Elegant Genuine Chromo Cards, no two alike, with name 10c. SNOW & CO., Meriden, Conn.

A STARTLING SENSATION!

Nature's Last Secret!

Another Revolution!

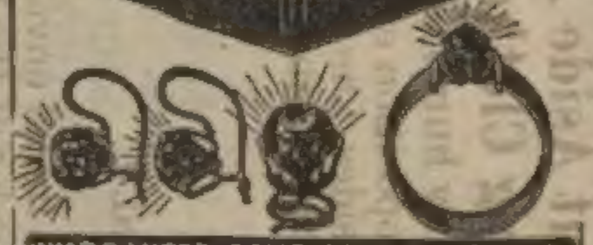
Of interest to every reader of this paper, who appreciates merit, beauty and sterling value.

In all ages diamonds have been esteemed the most precious among precious stones. Modern invention, however, has just produced an imitation so marvelously perfect that expert judges fail to detect the difference. Why pay a fabulous price for a diamond when a perfect substitute can be had for nothing? The new diamonds are worn universally in Europe, and their reputation is being rapidly established here.

The imitations are called Diamante Brilliants, they are perfect gems, and all set in SOLID GOLD. They are mounted, cut, wear and look like genuine diamonds. The best judges fail to detect the imitation from the real; they are produced chemically—are worn in the best society, and are really the only perfect substitute ever produced, as they possess all the purity, brilliancy and penetrating luster peculiar to *old mine diamonds of the first water.* We are sending out hundreds of them daily, and could fill a volume with the candid expressions of surprise and delight of recipients, from Maine to California. The illustrations below give an accurate outline of the style of setting the

WONDERFUL NEW DIAMONDS

DIAMANTE BRILLIANTS



WARRANTED SOLID GOLD SETTINGS

We use but two sizes of Diamante Brilliants—the earrings and ring, each 1-karat stone, the stud 2-karats. They are not dollar-store goods, but are sold in Philadelphia for $5 to $10 each.

We don't sell Diamante Brilliants, but use them as a Premium for the Post. We are ambitious to secure the largest subscription list in the country; and we propose to work for it, spend money for it, and use every honorable means to attain our object. With such expensive premiums we lose money on the first year's subscription; and if we fail to do all we promise and give a premium, which does not meet or exceed the expectations of our readers, our work is thrown away, and most prize we can't expect to find you a member of the Post family.

We have studied the premium problem thoroughly, and we offer our Diamante Brilliant Premiums, confidently believing that subscribers who receive them will not only help us get others, but continue our patrons for many years. The new diamonds cost more money and are worth more than any premium ever offered before, for every subscriber to really getting

TEN DOLLARS FOR NOTHING.

We mean business and can't afford to mislead or misrepresent. No more suitable present could be selected for anybody.

Our Offer.—On receipt of three dollars we agree to send *The Saturday Evening Post* one year—52 times, and any one of the Diamante Brilliants.

We warrant them to be solid gold (neither rolled gold nor plated), and guarantee their prompt and safe delivery. A club of two subscribers to The Post, one year, accompanied by $4, entitles the sender to either the Ring, Stud, or Earrings, Free. A club of three, one year, and $6, entitles the sender to any two of the three premiums, free. A club of four, one year, and $8, entitles the sender to the Ring, Stud, and Earrings, Free; or, for $4, we will extend your subscription two years, and send either Ring, Stud, or Earrings as a premium, free. For $6, will extend subscription three years, and forward any two of the articles as a premium. For $8, will extend subscription four years, and send all three premiums, free. Club subscribers receive any one premium by sending $1 instead of $2. All premiums sent by registered mail. Postage on paper and premiums prepaid in every case. NOTE.—*If the premiums are not as represented in every particular,* return them at once, and we will return your money promptly. The Premiums may be sent to one address and the paper to another.

"TIME TRIES ALL THINGS."—The Post is not an experiment; it is the oldest literary and family paper in America, now in its ninety-first year, and this offer should not be confounded with the tempting promises of irresponsible parties. It is a large sixteen-page weekly, elegantly printed, folded, cut, and bound. Its fiction is of the highest order—the very best thought of the best writers of Europe and America. It covers the whole field of a first-class family paper; has Fashion, Needlework, Fireside Chat, Answers to Inquirers, Scientific, News, and other departments, Sketches, Narratives, etc. Each volume contains twenty-six Serials, from the pens of the best living authors, and upwards of five hundred short stories, and furnishes an amount of strictly first-class reading matter, alike interesting to every member of the household, which can be obtained nowhere else at $2 a year. The Post is the cheapest paper in existence, it has never missed an issue, and as to our reliability refer to any bank, express office or responsible firm in Philadelphia.

In ordering state which of the premiums is desired. Size of finger may be obtained by cutting a hole the proper size in stiff paper or card-board. Remittances should be made by post-office money order, registered letter, or bank draft. Address,

The Saturday Evening Post, 720 Sansom St., Phila., Pa

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy that I will send TWO BOTTLES *free,* together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

Edith M. Hall Copper Name Stamp, with ink and pad sent for $1.00. The same made of rubber for 50 cts. Send 2c. stamp for circulars of Postmasters complete set, and Stamps, etc., of all kinds. J. Goldsborough, 720 Chestnut St., Phila.

300 Choice Poetical Selections for Autograph Albums, neatly bound; 200 spicy Motto Verses, and 20 Popular Songs, all for 12 cents, post-paid. PATTEN & WADE, 49 Barclay Street, N. Y.

12C. "A Violet From Mother's Grave" & 49 other popular songs, words and music, entire, all for 12 cents. PATTEN & CO., 47 Barclay Street, N. Y.

$600 A YEAR and expenses paid agents. Contract for 30. U.S. TEA CO., Madison, Wis.

80 SAMPLE CARDS, All New, name on 10c. Agts. outfit 2c. CARD WORKS, Birmingham, Conn.

50 CARDS, Feather & Hand Scrap &c. in fancy case 10c. Samples 2c. Empire Card Co, Birmingham, Ct.

Seven Great Novels Given to You!

THE

BEST WORKS OF MRS. HENRY WOOD,

One of the most popular and pleasing authors in the world, and which are usually sold in book form for from $1.25 to $1.50 each, thus we give you $10.50 worth of the most fascinating reading in order to make our journal known in every household in this country. For the regular subscription price of The Ladies' Floral Cabinet, and 25 cents for postage and packing, we will send, *free,* these seven masterpieces of English literature. These novels are printed on fine heavy paper, from large new type, and we guarantee satisfaction in every respect to all purchasers. Beautifully bound in paper covers, a handsomer gift could not be wished. The titles are: EAST LYNNE | A LIFE'S SECRET | THE TALE OF SIN; WAS HE INNOCENT? THE LOST BANK-NOTE; THE DOCTOR'S DAUGHTER and THE HALLIDAY TOWER. The Ladies' Floral Cabinet is a large, instructive, and interesting journal, a monthly. Four pages are devoted to the culture of flowers and plants, nine or ten pages to the best stories published and selections of the finest efforts of English authors, and many pages to the secrets of well-conducted households, giving information that will enable a newly married wife to keep house satisfactorily without other instruction, and best methods of cultivating the mind and body, to elevate the one and make charming the other. $5 cents worth of Music is given with each number. Remember, for $1.25 and 25 cents *for postage and packing,* we will send you The Ladies' Floral Cabinet for one year, and the seven great novels described above, *free.* (Mention this paper.) Address (Box 2516) ADAMS & BISHOP, Publishers, 46 Beekman St., New York.

Humorous.

The coin for perfumes—A cent.

Guiteau neither drinks, smokes, chews, nor swears, which is a kind of comfort to ordinary sinners.

Whatever you do, do it with your might. Many a lawyer has made his fortune by simply working with a will.

A boy who was kept after school for bad orthography, excused himself to his parents by saying that he was spell-bound.

A Camden man went home with a black eye the other night, and told his wife he'd been kicked by a cat.

"I prefer lighter literature," said the gouty man when Webster's Unabridged Dictionary fell on his toes.

It is now fashionable to name some medicines after the saints; this is because the saints soon get those who take them.

The difference between a defaulter and a thief is very simple: one steals enough to hire a good lawyer, and the other don't.

Ananias, Jr.: "How can you learn to be a first-class liar?" Get engaged to two girls, and the family will sort of come to you.

An East Saginaw pupil was asked to define the word "buttress," and this is the way he gave its meaning: "A female who makes butter."

As a Cure for Piles

Kidney-Wort acts by overcoming in the mildest manner all tendency to constipation; then, by its great tonic and invigorating properties, it restores to health the debilitated and weakened parts. We have hundreds of certified cures where all else had failed. Use it and suffer no longer.—Exchange.

Consumption Cured.

Since 1870 Dr. Sherar has each year sent from this office the means of relief and cure to thousands afflicted with disease. The correspondence necessitated by this work becoming too heavy for him, I came to his aid. He now feels constrained to relinquish it entirely, and has placed in my hands the formula of that simple vegetable remedy discovered by an East Indian missionary, and found so effective for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Diseases; also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous complaints. Its remarkable curative powers have been proven in many thousand cases, and, actuated by the desire to relieve suffering humanity, I gladly assume the duty of making it known to others. Address me, with stamp, naming this paper, and I will mail you, free of charge, the recipe of this wonderful remedy, with full directions for its preparation and use, printed in German, French or English. W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

AN ONLY DAUGHTER CURED OF CONSUMPTION.

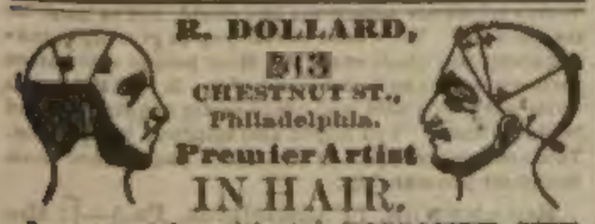
When death was hourly expected all remedies having failed, and Dr. H. JAMES was experimenting with the many herbs of Calcutta, he accidentally made a preparation which cured his only child of CONSUMPTION. His child is now in this country enjoying the best of health. He has proved to the world that CONSUMPTION can be positively and permanently cured. The Doctor now gives this Recipe free, only asking two three-cent stamps to pay expenses. This herb also cures night-sweats, nausea at the stomach, and will break up a fresh cold in twenty-four hours. Address, CRADDOCK & CO., 1032 Race street, Philadelphia, naming this paper.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 450 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse-cars, stages, and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

Old Gold Bought.—Silver and Platinum of all kinds. Full value paid. J. L. Clark, Reliable Refiner of all Residues containing gold or silver. 923 Filbert St., Philadelphia, Pa. Send by mail or express. Mention THIS POST.

PAY'S Building Materials for Roofs, walls, and Ceilings in place of Plaster. Samples free. Camden, N. J.



R. DOLLARD,
513
CHESTNUT ST.,
Philadelphia.
Premier Artist
IN HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated **GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.**

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair.

Agents Wanted EVERYWHERE to sell the best **Family Knitting Machine** ever invented. Will knit a pair of stockings, with **HEEL and TOE complete**, in 20 minutes. It will also knit a great variety of fancy work, for which there is always a ready market. Send for circular and terms to the **Twombly Knitting Machine Co.**, 163 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.

Diary Free for 1882, with improved Interest Table, Calculator, etc. Sent to any address on receipt of two Three-Cent Stamps. Address, CHARLES R. HIKES, 49 N. Del. Ave. Phila.

50 CARDS. All new, Imported designs of Hand and Bouquet, Gold, Silver and others, name in fancy script type, 10c. Clinton & Co. North Haven, Ct.

50 LOVELY Chromo Cards, New & Elegant designs name on 10c. VANN & CO., Fair Haven, Ct.

AUTOMATIC ORGANS, ONLY $25.00. THEO. J. HARBACH, 809 Filbert St., Phila., Pa.

40 New Imported Chromo Cards, 'Beauties,' name on 40 styles, 10c. Nassau Card Co., Nassau, N. Y.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

Woman can Sympathize with Woman. Health of Woman is the Hope of the Race.

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND,

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

Sold by all Druggists.

KIDNEY WORT

THE GREAT CURE
FOR
RHEUMATISM

As it is for all diseases of the **KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.**

It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of Rheumatism can realize.

THOUSANDS OF CASES

of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, in a short time

PERFECTLY CURED.

PRICE, $1. LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO.,
Can be sent by mail. Burlington, Vt.

KIDNEY WORT

FOR THE

LITTLE GIRLS.

New Style

DOLLS!

Eight inches tall, with lifelike, beautiful features. Bangs of hair and dark eyes, or curls and blue eyes.

Ten cents each, two for fifteen cents, or one dozen for $1, which *includes dresses* with each doll. Mailed free.

Toy-dealers and stationers send for price-lists.

A lady in Tipton, Iowa, writes that she sold twenty-five the first afternoon.

Postage-stamps taken.

HOPE M'F'G CO.,
Providence, R. I.

AGENTS WANTED.—A Rare Chance to make money rapidly, selling our *New Book*;

New York by Sunlight and Gaslight.

Showing up the New York of *to-day*, with its palaces, its crowded thoroughfares, its rushing elevated trains, its countless sights, its romance, its mystery, its dark crimes and terrible tragedies, its charities, and in fact, every phase of life in the great city. Don't waste time selling slow books, but send for circulars giving full table of contents, terms to agents, etc. Prospectus now ready, and territory in great demand. Address DOUGLASS BROS.,
23 North Seventh St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Mention this paper.

HUSBAND'S
CALCINED MAGNESIA.

Four First Premium Medals Awarded.

More agreeable to the taste, and smaller dose than those other Magnesia.

For sale in Government-Stamped Bottles, at Druggists' and Country Stores, and by

T. J. HUSBANDS, JR., PHILADELPHIA.

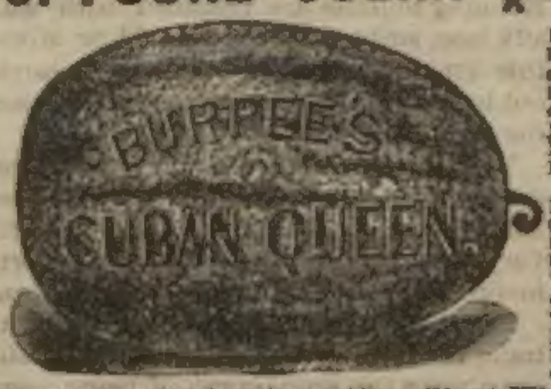
DO YOUR OWN PRINTING

Presses and outfits from $3 to $500. Over 2,000 styles of type. Catalogue and reduced price list free.

H. HOOVER, Phila., Pa.

Agents wanted. $5 a Day made selling our NEW HOUSEHOLD ARTICLES and FAMILY SCALE. Weighs up to 25 lbs. Sells at $1.50. DOMESTIC SCALE CO., Cincinnati, O.

81-POUND CUBAN QUEEN WATER-MELON.



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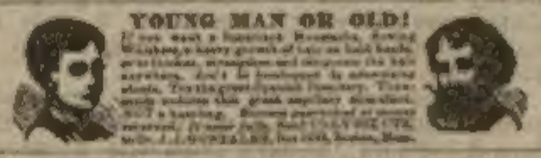

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THE great variety in present fashions allows of suiting one's dress to circumstances. For out-walking, we have the very convenient short costume, with kilted skirt; for the house, the semi-long dress; and for evening and dinner dresses, the trained or semi-trained toilet. Nor is there anything exclusive, even in the above rules, for young ladies, especially when they have pretty feet, wear the short round skirt even for evening dress.

The only change to be noticed in the shape of skirts is that they are made to spread out more at the back. The front and side widths are still plain and clinging, the back widths are gathered or pleated; pleated gores are frequently let in on either side, so as to give the fulness required. Simple walking dresses are made with kilted skirt and scarf drapery pleated across; more elegant toilets have long-waisted bodies pointed in front, and with Canargo paniers at the sides.

If we try to gain a general idea of the tendency of the present fashions, we shall find that plush, plain, striped, checkered, or flowered forms the ground of all trimmings, and that it is associated with all kinds of satin, and the dead, dull silks, which are not quite the same as faille, but will be much worn during the winter, not to the exclusion of other fabrics, but taking the place of the traditional silk dress.

The newest colors are cachou, copper, brass, and chartreuse; the last three are striking, and do not require describing, the first, cachou, is an indescribable tint, which might be produced by mixing milk with the dregs of red wine.

A somewhat novel feature about simple walking costumes is the embroidered bouquet instead of the real or artificial bouquet worn so generally of late on the bodice. A costume recently from Worth was of billiard-green Indian cashmere, and on the left side of the bodice a bouquet was embroidered in bright-hued silks. A smaller bouquet of similar flowers was worked on the top of the cuffs. The skirt was formed of alternate plaits of cashmere and Mervellieux, and a cashmere scarf formed panniers at the hips and large drapery at the back. This idea of an embroidered bouquet may be used by those who are skilful with their needle as well as by those who cannot provide themselves daily with fresh flowers.

A magnificent evening dress of copper satin was embroidered all over with feathers running through the gamut of copper shades from the darkest to the lightest. This sumptuous material formed the train; the low bodice and the skirt was satin; the tablier was embroidered with beads of several shades of copper.

A very beautiful evening dress, worn at a fashionable gathering recently, was of faded pink faille. The skirt was trimmed en tablier, and at the edge with a flat ruching. No drapery, no pouf, nothing but this little round skirt. The bodice was of Louis XIII. style, of faded velvet, worked with roses and leaves. This bodice opened over a waistcoat of white satin marvellieux almost covered with lace. The edge of the fronts were cut into scallops on either side of the waistcoat. The ends of the bodice were round, and trimmed at the back with a satin sash falling with long ends to the edge of the skirt. The extreme simplicity of the style constituted its chief charm, though the soft mingling colors was a great point of attraction.

Many of the present fashions are well adapted for the remodelling of half-worn dresses; for instance, a pretty costume of plain and embroidered cashmere is renovated for autumn wear by having a new jacket of plain velvet, ornamented on the collar, pockets, and cuffs with three rows of narrow gold braid, and fastened in front with gold buttons.

This style of dress is highly favorable to economy, and may be carried out with excellent effect, by employing moire as a combination with silken tissues, cashmere, etc., or as a trimming.

For instance, a costume of cashmere, or of satin, in good condition, but out of fashion by reason of its trimmings of pompadour brocha, may very simply be modernized by substituting moire for the brocha, and making, if necessary, an entirely new corsage of moire.

The new material should, in all cases, match the color of the costume, and the draped puff at the back should be replaced by a wide satin bow of moire ribbon.

Chequered materials are in great favor, employed in combination with self-colored fabrics; a new walking toilette is of light-brown satin merveilleux and chequered surah, in shades of the same color; the skirt of satin is bordered with a narrow pleating headed with a deep bouillonne with a gathered heading.

Above this, it is crossed diagonally with a wide tunic-drapery, cut at the edge in deep-pointed scallops, bound with a bias band of merveilleux, and reaching to the flounce, bordering the skirt.

This drapery is so arranged as to leave uncovered a panel of the skirt, trimmed with bouillonne satin, and gathered at the top. At the back, a width of surah is draped in the middle, and below it, the skirt is covered with pleated satin.

The corsage of surah is cut in long pointed scallops in front, and at the sides; the neck is cut open and square, and filled in with a puffed plastron of satin.

The hat worn with the dress is a Rubens profusely trimmed with feathers.

Novelties are more often to be found in the details of a toilette than in its general appearance, and fashions first show themselves in the adaptation of different kinds of trimmings, and in the arrangement and combination of the various fabrics employed in making dresses, sometimes as many as four being used for one costume, differing in color and in make from each other, but in spite of these differences harmonizing together, and giving the impression of unity. A great deal of chenille fringe is used, either plain, shaded, or mixed with beads or silk. Evening toilettes are trimmed with white silk lace, embroidered with gold or silver; this embellishment is very easily carried out by running gold or silver thread round the pattern in old lace.

Very dressy toilettes for evening wear consist of a short skirt in front, flat and barely touching the ground, side breadths very much trimmed, and a long train ornamented in a different style from the front.

The short dress is clearly marked, and the train, even when it forms the back breadths has always the appearance of being separate, an upper dress worn over an under one; the edges of trains are trimmed with one, two, or three, very thick ruches, with or without a pleated or puffed heading.

Fireside Chat.

HOLIDAY PLEASURES.

AFTER ALL it is to the children that Christmas comes in the guise of a festive, jovial, snow-enshrouded, holly-bedecked friend. Chiefly to them does he represent "holidays," with their abundant train of mirth, laughter, pantomimes, plum-puddings, and the extra delights of the table. In fact, it is much more to the children, I am afraid, than to us seniors that he comes essentially as the herald of the season of treats, in the innocent and primitive sense of the word. We, on the whole, have done with "treats," and, if not quite inclined to adopt Sir Cornwall Lewis' axiom to its full extent—that life would be very endurable were it not for its amusements—there are few of us, I fancy, who look forward to Christmas as necessarily bringing in its train a more than usual amount of treats; yet we are glad to welcome the period heartily and with open arms, unless we have grown intolerably cynical and capricious; and, of course, in its deepest and most beautiful meaning the time must ever remain a sacred and loveable one to children of all ages, but to the little ones it is chiefly given to enjoy Christmas treats. That in our little ones we may again live our own lives is certain; and, as Thackeray says, "if we can no longer laugh ourselves at the pranks of Mr. Merriman, we can laugh to see our children laugh at him; and that, at any rate, is a very good imitation of a treat."

Having mentioned the Christmas tree, I will return to it, as certainly the supreme delight of children's Christmas parties. Of late years it has been rather superseded by bran pies, fairy caves, Christmas ships, etc., but there is a grace of poetical fancy about the dark green fir tree, glistening and shining with gifts, which all these last devices lack.

The Christmas tree is really far more picturesquely pretty than any of its substitutes. One of the reasons, I fancy, why it has gone out is that it is really rather costly to get up well, and never looks as it should if its adornment be left to servants or children. In my early days we had a very gorgeous Christmas tree every year, and it was an amusement nearly from one year's end to the other.

The tree was decked with the accumulations of the preceding twelve months. Before it bore its January fruit the blossoms flowered; there was a box called the Christmas tree box, to which all the family were accustomed (whenever they were able) to make contributions of trifles fit for the adornment of the tree—the larger lustres, reflectors, glittering stars, balls, and flags being kept from one year to another. The consequence was such Christmas trees as are rarely seen.

They took the whole family with alien assistance two days to dress; but when dressed the tree was a charming sight.

And the delight of dressing it! Of again turning over the accumulation of treasures chosen for months before whenever pennies were to spare, with such grave deliberation as to which wax angel had the prettiest face, and whether the blown glass stag or dog was the best investment.

Some people label everything on the tree and draw lots for the toys—a tedious proceeding, and one which spoils the appearance of the tree by all the tickets, besides generally resulting in most of the children getting the things they do not want. A far simpler and better plan is for each child to choose in turn till the tree is stripped. Handsomer presents for individuals, which may adorn the tree, should of course be labelled and distributed at once to their lawful recipients.

Tableaux, charades, and "dressings up" of all kinds are more generally popular among girls than boys, it must be owned, whatever conclusions male cynics may draw from the fact.

Still, some youngsters like them as well as their sisters do, and if this be the case, or if your guests be chiefly girls, it may be at all events put to the vote as to whether such amusement shall be introduced.

A good old sport is "King and Queen of the Bean," but only for Twelfth Night. It needs a little arrangement beforehand, and can be combined or not with the drawing of the Twelfth Night characters.

In the case of deciding upon having both a king and queen, there must be two cakes, one for the boys and one for the girls, and they should be cut rather early, so that those fortunate beings who for this evening have greatness thrust upon them may enjoy a tolerably long reign.

A Twelfth Night party may therefore, be rather later than those I have described, and the supper be at seven, so as to leave three or four hours after it.

After supper the King and Queen of the Bean should be conducted to their robing rooms, where their royal attire should be in readiness. If you wish to have a very elaborate coronation, other dresses should be prepared—those for the maids of honor and the king's lords in waiting, for the jester, the Lord of Misrule, and the herald.

This sounds rather formidable, but nimble fingers and a sewing machine employed for a few days beforehand will do wonders, and the expense to accomplish it need not be great; while it should be remembered the dresses will serve the same purpose the next year. I will give a set of dresses which will be found pretty and inexpensive.

For his Majesty, a long tunic, reaching to the ankles, of a tawny shade of fawn; you might provide jerkin and hose of that dull purple which looks almost black at night, not forgetting a blue ribbon of the garter for his royal knee.

Jerseys make captain mediæval jerkins, and may be bound with gold braid, or any bright color, to give them a festive appearance. The king's mantle should be made of very deep claret-colored velveteen, and lined as it commends itself to your taste. His consort's dress should be made very simply, in smock fashion, girded at the waist with a gold band, and trimmed with gold.

The skirt should be made of a good length so as to serve equally well whether a tall or short queen is to wear it, as, if her Majesty be short, the overlength of the skirt can be pulled up through a fabric belt. This remark applies to the dresses of the maids of honor as well. The queen's attire may be fashioned out of any old white silk, and her mantle will look pretty if made of old-gold Roman satin, lined with very pale blue, and the wide hanging sleeves of her robe lined with the blue. Her maids of honor may have dresses made similarly to hers, of different colored sateens; pale green, blue, brown tinted cream, terra cotta, old-gold, soft grey, and one dull deep orange red, are good tints. They should all have soft gauze veils, and coronets of green leaves in their hair, which should be left flowing. The lords in waiting should be dressed in jerseys, to harmonise with the maidens, long hose and short cloaks; whether they will assume the "painted hoods witless" must depend on their own tastes. The Lord of Misrule should be rather more fantastically dressed, and with a wand of office.

The jester and the herald need no description, their dresses being so well known; but prithee, gentle chatelaine, who dost so nobody entertain this worshipful company, forget not to provide the former merry wight with his cap and his bells!

When the procession is arranged, the Lord of Misrule should first descend to the room, where the rest of the company is gathered, and where the king's and queen's thrones are placed, and cry, in the most stentorian voice he can muster, "Room, room, for their most high, puissant and gracious majesties, the King and Queen of the Bean."

After him should follow the herald, proclaiming their majesties' titles, such as "Lady of Mistletoe," "Lord of Turkey," and "Count of Champagne," &c.; and then should follow the procession, which should look so prettily quaint as to be worthy of a record by Miss Greenaway's hand. The king and queen should kneel to the hostess, to be crowded, and when that is done, should take their places on the dais, while everyone pays homage in turn, the dames and damsels to the queen only, the gentlemen to both.

After this, the Lord of Misrule, who if not very worthy of his post, should have a written programme for his guidance, commands the sports, humbly praying their Majesties to take part in them. I may suggest an easy cotillon as the most popular dance with children, for a fit commencement of the revels

PRINCE LEOPOLD, the Queen's youngest son, it is said, was born with only two layers of skin.

Correspondence.

MRS. E. J., (Fall River, Tenn.)—We know nothing of the firm whatever. Make inquiry of some paper in Chicago.

W. F. FRENCH, (Madrid, N. Y.)—A letter addressed "Hon. Jeremiah S. Black, Lancaster, Penna.," would reach him.

RENO, (Randolph, Ill.)—Water can get no hotter as water than the boiling point. It then becomes steam, which is susceptible of a vastly higher temperature.

JAMESON, (Chicago, Ill.)—The best thing a young girl can do to "attract young men's attention" is not to try to attract them. 2. Wash with milk and the juice of lemons.

O. B. B., (Gainesville.)—To your question in reference to the ring we reply "Yes." 2. *Ayers' Manual* gives the New York *Sun* a circulation of 134,000, and the *Herald*, 190,000.

JEANNIE, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Only policemen are warranted in holding to a female arm, and that when making an arrest. Gentlemen offer their arms to the ladies who "lean upon them."

FREDO, (Norristown, Pa.)—It is inexplicable to us as it is to you, why a young lady, "eighteen years old, good-looking, a nice height, well-dressed, and very good-mannered," "cannot get a young man." Bid her have patience.

PHOEBE, (Baltimore, Md.)—If your big toe does not pain you, it would be folly on your part to attempt to alter its size and shape. 2. Your handwriting is very fair; but you could improve it by taking more pains in forming your letters. 3. We have always considered Phœbe a rather pretty name.

GEMINI, (Cincinnati, O.)—No; it would be highly improper for a young lady to take notice of strange gentlemen, when the latter bow and nod to them in the streets. A young lady must not take notice of any young gentleman who behaves rudely to her.

A. D. S., (Atlantic City, N. J.)—The manner in which a young man should ask a young lady for permission to become her suitor, usually comes about by a process of evolution or development, and not by a formal question. If you love the young lady, and frequent her society, you will after awhile arrive at the proper way of letting her know what you want.

H. A. F., (Alex., Va.)—We do not publish the address of particular business houses in this column. Send a postal addressed to yourself and we will furnish the desired information. Perhaps some of our readers can furnish the name of the song containing the words:

We two are so united, so happily allied,
That blissful are the moments, when we are side by side?"

J. A. R., (Kittanning, Pa.)—1. We do not believe in it. There is no potion in the world, and never was, that could gain the affections of a girl in the way that you describe. Do not spend your money foolishly in anything of the kind. There is only one way of winning love and that is the natural way. Try a potion of that, if it does not succeed nothing will. 2. There is a book published for that purpose. Write to Claxton & Co., Publishers, this city, about it.

FRESH, (Richmond, Va.)—When it is said of a shiftless fellow that he does not "earn his salt" (we translate your phrase), allusion is made to an ancient custom among the Romans. Among them a man was said to be in possession of a salary who had his "salarium," his allowance of salt-money, or of salt, wherewith to savor the food by which he lived. Thus "salary," comes from "salt," and, in this view of the word, how many are there who do not "earn their salt?"

INQUIRER, (New Garden, O.)—He should simply ask if she would allow him to accompany her home. In case he desired to keep the escorting up he should ask her if she had any objections to his company as a regular thing. There is no set form of words in the matter. Say what is to be said in the clearest, simplest manner. 2. Certainly it is proper for a gentleman to escort a lady to whom he is not engaged. The object of the regular company is in due time to bring about the engagement, which, if all goes well, will bring the wedding.

J. A. M., (Sandy Level, Va.)—We know of no book on the subject of tattooing figures on the body. The plan usually is to draw the figure with India ink, and then with a number of needles fastened together prick or tear up the skin under it. Water colors are poisonous and could not be used for the purpose. We would advise you to give up thinking about the whole subject. Most people who tattoo themselves live to be ashamed of it. 2. We think you write very well now and could easily acquire a good business hand. You might also improve in spelling. To do this correctly is of far more importance than beautiful penmanship.

ROSAMUNDE, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—If the young gentleman can give good reasons for not wishing to go to various places, that is enough. But, with you, we think he is of an over-exacting, jealous disposition. As to his youthful appearance that is nothing, and you should pay no attention to what is said about him. If you are engaged, or have been well acquainted with his people, there is no harm in visiting his home. It might be well if you studied his disposition better. So much jealousy does not argue well for future happiness. When he attempts, hereafter, to stop your going anywhere, ask his reasons for his request. If they are sufficient, respect them; but if they are not, assert your right. It might have the effect of curing him, and at the worst, should such a thing separate you, you can well afford to lose one who would become offended about such a matter. 3. We think so.

SCHOOL-GIRL, (Lancaster, Pa.)—A poet laureate was originally a poet who was crowned with a laurel in token of his victory over other poets in competition for a prize. It has been customary for many centuries for monarchs to have poets to write complimentary verses in their honor on birthdays and public occasions. In the latter part of the fourteenth century, Edward III., it is said, appointed Chaucer poet laureate of his court with a yearly stipend of a hundred marks (about $300) and a tierce of wine. In 1530 the laureateship was made an office in the gift of the Lord Chamberlain, with a salary of one hundred pounds and a tierce of Canary wine. Ben Jonson was at that time appointed poet laureate. When Southey succeeded to office, in 1812, the tierce of Canary was commuted for twenty-seven pounds. Wordsworth succeeded Southey in 1843, and in 1850 Tennyson succeeded Wordsworth, and is now the poet laureate of England. Southey, as poet laureate, wrote only what he chose; Wordsworth wrote nothing; and Tennyson has written but little, officially.